The Nation.

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The Week.

THE registration figures are ominous for Tammany, considered either in bulk or in detail. It is not for the purpose of voting the Tammany ticket that nearly as many voters have registered their names this year as registered them in the last Presidential contest. Whatever tide there is in motion is not Tammany but anti-Tammany; and it is safe to infer that when 42,523 more voters take the trouble to register this year than registered last year, the greater part of these are against Tammany. An analysis by districts confirms this inference, for in the down-town districts, which are the Tammany strongholds, there is a uniform falling off from last year's total, aggregating a decrease of nearly 12,000. All the increase is, in fact, in anti-Tammany districts. It is with good reason, therefore, that the "arithmetic men" are figuring out a plurality for Col. Strong ranging from 40,000 to 60,000. Tammany's arithmetic men are putting forth an estimate, evidently agreed upon before the figuring began, of 30,000 plurality for Grant, but they can reach it only by giving to Tammany 30,000 more votes than it ever polled in the city. The highest Tammany vote ever given for a mayoralty candidate, with Democratic opposition, was that cast for Grant in 1890, and that was only 116,000. Nobody believes that Tammany is as strong to-day as it was then. It will lose in fraudulent votes alone, which have been kept off the registration list this year, at least 15,000 votes. To win, Grant must have at least 135,000 votes; and where these are to come from, no Tammany arithmetic man is able to guess.

Even the liquor-dealers are in revolt against Tammany. Their association, which is said to represent about 9,000 liquor-dealers, met last week and refused to endorse either Hill or Grant. Resolutions approving both these candidates were introduced, but the opposition to them was so great that they were not put to a vote, and the meeting adjourned without action. One of the members thus explained the situation:

"We have been hounded and hounded, but they have gone too far. Tammany Hall has lost its grip on us for ever. We have been blackmailed and persecuted beyond endurance. It is Tammany alone that has compelled us to violate the law. For years and years we were obstructed in our efforts to secure all-night licenses, and finally two years ago we gave them an ultimatum. They yielded, and the Legislature passed a law giving the Excise Board the right to grant all-night licenses. But what is the result? Over two hundred applications have been made, but not one has been granted. The excuse is insultingly ridiculous. The commissioners say if they give it to one they will have to give it to all. Such baby talk! We hold Mayor Gilroy and the Tammany chiefs responsible. We know the commissioners are only obeying orders. During a year we are subject to constant assessments. We have to join the Tammany Hall general committee and pay $5 for the honor; we have to join the Tammany club of the district and pay a $10 initiation and $1 a month dues, buy five chowder tickets a year at $5 apiece, and contribute $50 or $100 to the campaign fund. Besides that, many of us have to take the captaincy of election districts and spend our money to carry them."

It is a wonder that the liquor-dealers have not reached this conclusion before. Tammany has systematically favored laws against Sunday and night-selling in order that these might be used as a basis for the blackmailing which has become so heavy a burden. The figures which are given above coincide with those brought out by the Lexow committee, and are not at all exaggerated. Tammany, through the police and its district leaders, has been using the excise laws in the same way that it has used the laws against gambling and disreputable houses. The more restrictive the law, the more it has been "worth" to Tammany for blood money. The liquor-dealers are not the only persons who ought to be getting their eyes open on this subject. The moral and religious people of the city ought to begin to realize that legalized Sunday liquor-selling, between specified hours, through side doors it may be, is the surest way to stop one form of police blackmailing and demoralization. The selling will go on in spite of all attempts to prevent it, and, if it be regulated within reasonable bounds, not only will it be no more objectionable than it is at present, but it will not be a basis for blackmail for the benefit of rascally politics.

We may safely challenge John Fiske, Henry Adams, and all other living American historians, and even Stubbs and Creighton, who have written much of mediæval Europe, for a parallel in tale or history to the figure cut by Mr. Coudert at the Hill meeting last week. What could induce a moral being, with an immortal soul, to put himself in such a position, it is impossible to conceive. He was there recommending people to elect as Governor a man whom he has, with all the solemnity within his reach, been denouncing within a year as a liar, a cheat, and a thief. Not one word has he ever uttered in retraction or modification of these charges. He goes right on, bouffe fashion, and says, "Here is your man; hurrah for Hill, progress, and reform!" Now, a few days ago Mr. Coudert expressed his fear that if Hill were not elected, the Democratic party would be thrown into a condition of "suspended animation for an indefinite period of years." There may be two opinions about this, but there cannot be two opinions about Mr. Coudert's "animation" as a reformer having been "suspended" during the rest of his mortal existence. Nobody will ever again pay the slightest attention to one word he writes or speaks on behalf of good government or any other political improvements. We regret this extremely. The loss of all moral influence by any one of the few intellectual men we have among us who take an active part in politics, is a serious loss for the country. Mr. Coudert was born for better things. Even Hill must now say that "he has no use for him."

Mr. Goff has had John C. Sheehan, the police commissioner, in the witness-chair, and has got a great deal of information out of him which is of value. He showed that Sheehan, who is a brother of "Blue-Eyed Billy of Buffalo," came to this city a complete stranger to it in July, 1886, and found himself almost immediately secretary of the Aqueduct Commission at a salary of $4,000 a year. This was a snug berth for a man to get who had left his native city under a cloud, because it was discovered after he retired from a public office there that his accounts were short $5,900. From his $4,000 position he stepped in February, 1892, into a police commissionership at a salary of $5,000, and has succeeded in holding it till the present time. In addition to this he is a partner in a law firm which is counsel to the Excise Board; and from this firm, though he has never had a case in court, he draws $4,000 or $5,000 a year. He is also the senior partner in a firm of contractors who have contracts for about half a million dollars for public improvements in Long Island City. In these contracts a brother of Inspector Williams is also interested, and Sheehan was able to remember, after he had been prodded by Mr. Goff, that he talked with a man who went to Tom Platt to get this brother appointed police commissioner in place of Mr. MacLean. Later he admitted, as directly as a Sheehan can admit anything, that it was Croker, and not the Police Department, that closed the pool-rooms last year, the orders coming from Croker through Jimmy Martin. Sheehan admitted that he had heard many times that the pool-room operators were paying money to the police for "protection" against the law, and said that in order to test the matter he sent for some of the operators and they denied that they had paid money for such a purpose! That was the beginning and end of his efforts to enforce the law. What Croker's motive was, was not touched upon. The point made clear was, that Croker was absolute boss of the Police Board, and was able to shut off a supply of blackmail revenue to the police by simply telling Martin and Sheehan that it must be done.

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It does seem extraordinary that a convention called to frame a new Constitution, which contained a large number of the most eminent lawyers in the State, should submit to the people a proposition as to the legislative department of the Government which is, at best, obscure and doubtful. The convention meant to provide that, if a change is decreed by the people, the Senate after the year 1895 shall consist of 50 members and the Assembly of 150, while the old body of 32 and 128 respectively shall hold office during 1895. It would have been perfectly simple to make an explicit statement of this intention, so clear that nobody could mistake its meaning. What was actually done was to provide that, if the article is ratified by the people, the Legislature after January 1, 1895, should have a Senate of 50 members and an Assembly of 150, without the explanatory clause that, until such a body could be elected in November of next year, the old number of each branch should be maintained. The result is that one lawyer now says that, if the apportionment amendment is adopted, there can be no legal Legislature in 1895, because the constitutional authority by which it was chosen will have been abrogated, while another legal authority holds that there will be vitality enough left in the old Constitution to maintain the Legislature; and plain voters do not know what to think—except that they had better vote against the article, and thus avoid all uncertainty.

The difficulty of interesting the people in amendments of the Constitution is freshly illustrated by the official returns of the Georgia election of last month. There were cast for the State ticket 218,055 votes, but on the three amendments submitted the totals ranged only from 104,908 to 115,606. In other words, only one voter in two cared enough about either of the three propositions to say whether he favored or opposed it. The amendment proposing a necessary increase in the number of Supreme Court justices was defeated by a majority of 2,952 votes, because its opponents rallied all their forces, while many voters who had nothing against it and would admit that the change was a desirable one, neglected to record themselves either way. The official count, by the way, shows that the Democrats really held their strength very well as compared with 1892. The total vote in the Presidential election was 223,956, of which the Democrats had 129,386, the Republicans 48,305, and the Populists 42,939, or 91,244 for the combined opposition. This year the Populist ticket, supported by the Republicans, polled from 92,641 to 96,888 votes for the different candidates, and the Democratic from 121,049 to 125,295—practically the same division as in 1892.

The poll-tax scandal is again attracting attention in Pennsylvania. The Constitution of that State makes the payment of such a tax within two years one of the requirements for the qualification of a voter, but it was found long ago that a great many men would rather go without voting than pay it. Then the campaign committees began to pay such taxes, and the practice has now reached such dimensions that the two party machines in Philadelphia have this year purchased 95,000 poll-tax receipts. This is obviously a form of bribery, which is forbidden by the spirit of the law, but some amendment of the statute seems required in order to stop it. Some people think that the best way of overcoming the evil would be to abolish the poll-tax requirement, as most other States have done. Theoretically there is a good deal to be said in favor of such a qualification for the suffrage, but practically it seems to work more harm than good wherever it is retained.

There is no doubt that the extent of the financial depression has been exaggerated by Republican organs. Nobody can go about much in the agricultural districts of New York and New England without being struck by the evidences of general content. The farmers show no signs of distress, their buildings are in good condition, and the large number of bicycles to be found in many small villages furnishes conclusive evidence that there is ready money to spend. The *Vermont Farmers' Advocate*, a non-partisan journal published at Burlington, confirms the impression which a carriage tour in that region makes upon the stranger. The editor of the *Advocate* recently took a long drive through Orleans and Essex Counties, and found indications of prosperity everywhere—"new barns going up, old ones repaired, houses well painted, horses, vehicles, implements, cattle, all bearing the evidences of comfort and plenty; rich crops waving in the fields, the small villages neat and tidy, the larger ones bustling with trade." Indeed, he discovered "absolutely nothing to indicate the existence or the recent passage of anything like 'hard times,'" and he makes this encouraging summary of the general situation in Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine:

> "We do not ignore the fact that the nation has been financially disturbed by 'tariff tinkering,' whatever may be the ultimate results thereof, but we do say that in northern New England, at least, times are as good and the people as contented as they have been at any time in the past twenty years. The farmers as a whole are lessening their indebtedness, where they have any, and those who are out of debt with money to loan (and these are not few) complain that there is but little call for money, and this little only at unusually low rates."

The Galveston *Daily News* furnishes a very apt illustration of the sort of ideas that are floating about, touching the silver question and the currency question in general. A gentleman of fair intelligence in that city asked the editor in good faith to inform him whether the phrase "sixteen to one" meant that the weight of the silver dollar should be sixteen times as much as that of the gold dollar, or whether it meant that the Government ought to coin sixteen silver dollars for every gold dollar from bullion of American mines. This query seems very droll, yet if we were to assume that the gentleman who propounded it was a very ignorant person, we should make a serious mistake; for, as another correspondent of the Galveston *News* says: "You can stand on the corner of any street in the Strand and ask the first 100 men of all grades of intelligence who pass to explain what free silver means, and 90 will tell you honestly that they know nothing about it." This is perfectly true, and it is as true of New York as it is of Galveston.

The more one examines the contract-labor act, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, the more monstrous its provisions seem, and the plainer becomes the duty of Congress in the coming session to make modifications in it. For instance, a poor man, say a mechanic, might very well in Europe make a contract with an employer and come over here under it in complete ignorance of our laws. He might on his arrival here slip through the custom-house without being detected as a contract laborer. He might settle down, hire or buy a house within the year allowed to the secretary to find him out and follow him up. What is his status during that period? The Supreme Court has actually decided, in the Fong Yue Ting case, that the provisions of Article V. of amendments, United States Constitution, "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law," do not apply to an alien immigrant who has not acquired a domicile, because, so far as *he* is concerned, any examination into his right to come here by such executive officer as Congress may select (without appeal to the courts) is "due process of law." This means, of course, that Congress can, as regards this class of persons, make anything it pleases—drumhead court-martial, for instance—"due process of law," or, in fact, deprive them wholly of the protection of the Constitution, the law, and the courts. If this hostility to them were confined to the wharf while they were landing, and lasted only until they could be sent back, there might be some excuse for it. But to allow human beings to live in the country for a whole year under such a régime seems shocking. Moreover, the law really creates a class hitherto unknown to American institutions—of outlaws and pariahs who hold their liberty and property at the mercy of a single boss. The ancient and undoubted principle of Anglo-Saxon liberty which Lord Mansfield applied in the Somerset case, was that the Constitution covers not individuals or classes of individuals, but *the soil*—that you cannot land in the country without getting under the shelter of the Constitution. A mere "nigger" landing in England in 1771 at

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once became entitled to the habeas corpus and that "due process of law" enjoyed by the rest of the community. But we have a class of white men among us to-day to whom the habeas corpus is mere "gas," and who are ruled arbitrarily by a single officer of the Government. Surely this state of things must be abhorrent to Congressmen.

In our article last week on Mr. Morton's coachman, as we are reminded by a correspondent, the second reference to the Supreme Court was really not a quotation from Nishimura Ekiu agt. the United States, but a syllabus or paraphrase of the doctrine laid down in Fong Yue Ting's case, 149 United States Reports, which through inadvertence crept into our article as if a continuance of the previous textual citation. It is simply a confirmation of Nishimura Ekiu, and is equally shocking to those who care for the great principles of American liberty. It decides among other things that the deportation of a resident alien from this country, breaking up his home and it may be ruining his business, is "not a punishment for crime," nor yet "banishment," but simply a "method of enforcing his return to his own country." "He has not, therefore," it says, "been deprived of life, liberty, and property without due process of law; and the provisions of the Constitution securing the right of trial by jury, and prohibiting unreasonable searches and seizures, and cruel and unusual punishments, have no application." The sole reason why these provisions of the Constitution have no application to him is simply that Congress has thought fit to suspend them in his case, and place his liberty and property in the hands of Stump or some other Treasury subordinate. He has, however, the consolation of knowing that his ruin is not "a punishment for crime." The whole decision reminds us of the Irishman who was very anxious to ride in a Sedan chair, and was put by certain wags into one that had neither seat nor bottom, in which he was obliged to keep up with the bearers on foot. Being asked how he liked it, he declared that "if it wasn't for the name o' the thing, he'd as lief walk."

Stronger condemnation of the legislation under which this decision was made, and therefore of the proceedings in Howard's case, has seldom been heard from the bench than was uttered by Chief Justice Fuller and Justices Brewer and Field, dissenting, in this Fong Yue Ting case. "It contains within it," as Chief Justice Fuller remarked, "the germs of the assertion of an unlimited and arbitrary power, in general incompatible with the immutable principles of justice, inconsistent with the nature of our Government, and in conflict with the written constitution by which the Government was created and those principles secured." That the Democratic Administration of Mr. Cleveland, of all men in the world, should have resorted to the use of these odious weapons for the annoyance of a political opponent, in the midst of a canvass, through the persecution of a poor foreigner, is something which is saved from being amazing only by being inexplicable. When last heard from, Stump had taken 107 typewritten pages of "testimony" in the case, and there is a long report from "the special board of inquiry," and a separate letter from Dr. Senner—and all this about a man whom a United States Court has solemnly declared to be, under the law, exempt from Stump's jurisdiction.

We see nothing in the recent action of Germany against American cattle to become hysterical over. The trade in meats between the United States and Germany has never been large or of much importance in value of goods exported. From 1870 to 1878 no cattle were exported. The trade opened in the latter year with 1,171 head, valued at $87,648. In 1879 a small increase was shown; 1,330 head, valued at $116,860. Then the "trade" disappeared from record, and, after small spasmodic shipments, broke out in 1890 with a total of 3,977 head, valued at $335,540. Since that time the exports have been:

	Head.	
1891	5,223	$427,565
1892	4,643	448,480
1893	419	41,800
1894	3,069	285,792

As the entire export of cattle in 1894 was 359,011 head, valued at $33,455,092, the prohibition by Germany will produce small effects. Nor has the trade in fresh beef between the two countries been of more importance. The first shipment was made in 1886—9,398 pounds. Nothing followed till 1893, when an experimental shipment of 10,017,142 pounds was made, and after that nothing; for the following year showed only 1,066 pounds, valued at $80. Before crying out, it would be well to measure the extent of the pinch.

Lord Rosebery's long-heralded attack on the House of Lords was delivered on Saturday evening, but there is no reason for believing that it will either greatly affright the Tories or greatly delight the Radicals. What the latter really want is a Cromwellian prime minister, with root-and-branch methods for every occasion; but they must be convinced now, if they were not before, that their present leader is too much at ease in Zion to attempt any such rôle. He favors "the principle of a second chamber," which they abhor, and has no fiercer threat to make than that the Commons will pass a resolution affirming that they are the "dominant partner." All this will seem like the merest paltering, to Labouchere and his fellow-radicals, who really forced Rosebery to say something, but whose demands can be satisfied only by an immediate dissolution, and an appeal to the country on the issue of taking away from the Lords control over general legislation as completely as control over money bills has already been taken from them. The Conservatives, on the other hand, will be willing to discuss "the principle of a second chamber" at any length, until home rule is shoved still further into the background or entirely forgotten. A prompt appeal to the country on the rejection of the bill they had reason to dread, but vague and future threats to do something not specified they will laugh at. Lord Salisbury is quite ready for an academic debate with Rosebery about second chambers, and in dialectic of that sort will prove himself far the better man. It is thus a fair conclusion that the premier's half-hearted attack on the Lords, with his "I-would-an-I-dared" air throughout it, will not aid his party or his own political fortune.

The excitement in Europe over the approaching death of the Czar is due to the fact that the army, which in Russia stands for public opinion, is known to be strongly in favor of war, and that little or nothing is known of the character of the Tsesarevitch, or about his state of mind, except that he does not want to be Czar. The Nihilists, if they have accomplished nothing else, have succeeded in making the head of the state terribly uncomfortable, so that everybody naturally shrinks from the place. It cannot be occupied without endless precautions which make life a kind of slavery. Then, also, the growing complexity of modern society, the multiplication of interests, of dangers, necessities, and tribulations are making the life of an autocrat—that is, of a man who tries to be the Government—almost unbearable. The Czar is the only sovereign of our day who *insists on* being an old-fashioned monarch, and the effort has probably had much to do with killing him, though helped, it is said, by champagne. But one thing he did successfully: he kept the peace, in spite of endless pressure from the generals who wanted promotion and decorations. Russia wants the Balkan Peninsula and Constantinople, France wants Alsace-Lorraine and Egypt—two standing dangers to peace—and the world is wondering what will happen when the best friend of peace is gone. The worry of the situation is increased in England by great uncertainty as to the powers of the fleet. All the experts are trying to extract lessons from the naval fight between the Chinese and Japanese, but the only thing which appears clearly is the terrible effect of modern guns on modern ironclads, and the extraordinary capacity of ironclads for instantaneous sinking. Nothing seems to go to the bottom of the sea with the alacrity of a "battle-ship," and as a rule the crew go down with her.

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McKINLEY'S CAMPAIGN.

MR. MCKINLEY is filling a large space in the newspapers at the present time, but the common remark of Republican politicians is that "he is not in it." This is a comprehensive phrase, implying that the Governor of Ohio is struggling for the Presidential nomination of his party, but that he has not the ghost of a chance. Why he has no chance is easy to see. When the Republican party returned to power in 1888 and found itself in possession of a majority of both houses of Congress as well as the Executive, the Wool-Growers' Association of Ohio went to Washington and demanded an increase of the duties on wool. They said to the Republican leaders in substance: "This victory means more tariff, and if you don't give it to us, we turn against you and carry the State of Ohio against you." Under the influence of this threat McKinley, the immediate representative of the wool-growers, was appointed chairman of the committee on ways and means. It became noised about at once that the duties on wool were to be increased. So the woollen manufacturers went to Washington and said, "If you raise the duties on wool, you must raise the duties on woollens also." "All right," said McKinley, "just tell us what you want." It had been their custom on former occasions, when they had Mr. Morrill of Vermont to deal with, to ask for considerably more than they expected to get, because it was his habit to cut down their claims about 25 per cent. So they did the same thing with McKinley, and to their surprise he gave them all that they asked. Then the other protected classes, seeing the door open, rushed in pell-mell—not that they needed any more protection, but because they saw a chance to get it. They were doing well enough already, but who could resist this glaring invitation to take some more? The tariff then existing was a Republican measure. Not only so, but it was higher by 20 per cent. than the Tariff Commission of 1883 had recommended.

The spectacle presented by this swinish multitude rushing to Congress to get their profits raised chilled the Republican party long before the elections of 1890 came on. They had not expected an increase of the tariff. They had not desired it. They had expected and desired to prevent a reduction by the Democrats; but there was a wing of the party who would have been pleased with a lowering of the duties in accordance with the recommendations of the Tariff Commission. A still larger number found their business injured instead of benefited by the increase of duties on the raw materials of their industry.

To all these, to the moderate men of both parties and of no party, the McKinley tariff came as a surprise and a bitter disappointment. It went into operation at the beginning of October, 1890. One month later the elections for Congress took place, and the Republican party was buried under an avalanche. No such misfortune had ever overtaken it. In a House of 332 members it elected only 88. It carried only three States east of the Missouri River — Maine, Vermont, and Pennsylvania—and the losses west of that boundary were heavy. No party ever received a more sobering lesson, and this was emphasized in the succeeding Presidential election.

That this was chiefly, if not wholly, due to McKinleyism, is the fixed opinion of nine out of ten Republicans throughout the country, and it is a correct opinion. It is for this reason that they are telling each other now, when they hear of McKinley's special train and his run of sixty miles per hour to New Orleans, that "he is not in it." Whatever blunder the party may be guilty of in 1896, it will not be that of inviting the battles of 1890 and 1892 over again. They will never raise the issue of the McKinley tariff as it would be raised if McKinley were the candidate two years hence. Nor will they make the tariff issue prominent in any way in the near future. They shirked McKinleyism as much as possible in their last national convention. The masses of the party had lost what little faith they had ever had in it. Consequently it was not mentioned in the platform, and McKinley himself received only 182 votes out of 904, or one-fifth of the whole. He will never get so many again.

The Republican party will assuredly be stronger in 1896 and in succeeding years if it takes ground against reopening the tariff issue. Another general overhauling, either down or up, is not now admissible. It is far better to let the industries of the country adjust themselves to the new conditions. It is quite possible that the next tariff change may be made like that of 1857—with the consent of both parties and of all sections. In 1846 occurred the first radical change of tariff policy. In that year was passed what the protectionists styled "a free-trade tariff"—a measure which substantially stripped duties on imports of their high protective character. The protectionists had been voluble in their prophecies of ruin to the nation if such a measure should be passed. The low-tariff men declared that they only wanted a chance to apply the test of experience to their theory. A full opportunity was given for the application of this test. That the "free-trade tariff" worked well, even Mr. Blaine was constrained to admit in his 'Twenty Years of Congress.' After pointing out that the Whig victory of 1848 was not decisive enough to warrant any attempt to change the tariff if there had been a desire, he confesses that there was no desire. He proceeds:

> "The tariff of 1846 was yielding abundant revenue, and the business of the country was in a flourishing condition at the time Gen. Taylor's administration was organized. Money became very abundant after the year 1849; large enterprises were undertaken, speculation was prevalent, and for a considerable period the prosperity of the country was general and apparently genuine. After 1852 the Democrats had almost undisputed control of the Government, and had gradually become a free-trade party. The principles embodied in the tariff of 1846 seemed for the time to be so entirely vindicated and approved that resistance to it ceased, not only among the people, but among the protective economists, and even among the manufacturers to a large extent. So general was this acquiescence that in 1856 a protective tariff was not suggested or even hinted by any one of the three parties which presented Presidential candidates. It was not surprising, therefore, that with a plethoric condition of the National Treasury for two or three consecutive years the Democratic Congress, in the closing session of Pierce's Administration, enacted what has since been known as the tariff of 1857. By this law the duties were placed lower than they had been at any time since the war of 1812. The act was well received by the people, and was indeed concurred in by a considerable portion of the Republican party."

The low-tariff tendencies of the Republican party in its early history could not be more strikingly illustrated than by the fact that, after ten years of the "free-trade tariff," still lower duties were voted for by both Senators from Massachusetts, Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson, as well as by Republican Senators from other manufacturing States like New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New York. It was during the discussion of this measure in 1857 that Senator Wilson made this defence of the policy of freeing raw materials, speaking particularly of wool:

> "The manufacturers, Mr. Chairman, make no war upon the wool-growers. They assume that the reduction of the duty on wool, or the repeal of the duty altogether, will infuse vigor into that drooping interest, stimulate home production, and diminish the importation of foreign woollen manufactures, and afford a steady and increasing demand for American wool. . . . The experience of England, France, and Belgium demonstrates the wisdom of that policy which makes the raw material duty free. Let us profit by their example."

After an interval of nearly forty years we now have again a tariff law which makes changes in the direction of lower duties. The test of experience will be applied to it for two years before another Presidential election is held. It remains to be seen whether history will repeat itself. If it does, we shall see the Republicans discovering that the earlier position of their party was the wise one, and that its leaders in 1856, who did not even mention the tariff in the first national platform of the organization, were safer guides than those who made McKinleyism its ruling principle in 1890 and 1892, with such disastrous results.

TAMMANY FINANCIERING.

IN its administration of the city's finances Tammany Hall is able to make one strong prima-facie appeal to the sympathies of taxpayers. The tax-rate for the current year, $1.79 per $100, is the lowest for many years. Since 1886, the year in which the municipal debt reached its lowest figure, the decrease in the tax-rate has been almost continuous. It was $2.29 per $100 of the assessed valuation in that year—a figure exceeded but once in thirteen years. An analysis of the annual reports of the comptroller, the city's financial offi-

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cer, shows, however, that the low tax-rate has been reached by a system alike discreditable to the city authorities and cumulative of burdens for the future. It is quite generally supposed that the low tax-rate has been accomplished by the simple and non-delusive device of increasing the valuations of real estate for taxable purposes by fifty millions or so every year, and by this means alone. If such were the case, there would be no particular occasion for criticism of Tammany's methods, for fifty millions a year does not begin to represent the average yearly increase of the wealth of New York city expressed in houses and lands. Since 1886 the annual increase in new buildings alone has been over $60,000,000. A tax-rate decreased by so simple a method as this would delude nobody; and since it would involve only an inoffensive jugglery of the figures, it would furnish no grounds for criticism of the perpetrators.

But there are other facts involved in the process by which the tax-rate has been reduced, facts of much significance, which are never published in connection with the tax-rate, and of which the taxpayers of the city are kept in ignorance by our Tammany authorities as much as they can be. The method by which the tax-rate has been steadily reduced could be graphically shown by a table giving by each year in succession since 1876 the annual tax-rate, the net bonded debt, the gross valuation for purposes of taxation, the annual levy, the annual State tax, the interest on city bonds, the annual appropriations from the sinking-fund in reduction of taxation, and the annual budget for purely administrative purposes. But such a table would take up a great deal of space, and the facts involved can just as clearly be shown by a comparison of the figures of 1886 with those of 1894. As stated in the comptroller's reports the facts are as follows:

Assessed valuation, 1886	$1,420,968,286
Assessed valuation, 1894	2,003,332,037
Increase	$582,363,751
Net bonded debt, 1886	$90,395,633
Net bonded debt, 1894 (July 31)	122,778,073
Increase	$32,382,440
Total appropriations, 1886	$33,802,320
Total appropriations, 1894	38,664,257
Increase	$4,861,937
State tax, 1886	$4,199,606
State tax, 1894	4,112,266
Decrease	$87,340
Interest on city debt, 1886	$7,456,184
Interest on city debt, 1894	5,134,199
Decrease	$2,321,985
Appropriated from general fund, 1886	$2,250,000
Appropriated from general fund, 1894	3,600,000
Increase	$1,350,000
Expenditures for general city purposes, 1886	$22,146,530
Expenditures for general city purposes, 1894	29,417,791
Increase	$7,271,261
Tax-rate, 1886	$2.29
Tax-rate, 1894	1.79
Decrease	.50

It is apparent from these statistics that not only has the taxable valuation been increased so as to make a larger revenue possible from a lower rate of taxation, but that over $30,000,000 of indebtedness that ought to have been met by general taxation has been added to the burdens of posterity; and this in face of the fact that there has been a large increase in the city's revenues from its own properties and franchises, and a very large decrease in the expenditures necessary for State taxes and interest on the city debt. This last has undoubtedly been the result of the economies practised previous to 1886 and since the Tweed régime, by which the net bonded debt of the city was reduced from $120,000,000 in 1876 to $90,000,000 in 1886. The credit of the municipality grew under this process until the rate of interest necessary to be paid to float city bonds at par declined from an average of 6 per cent. in 1876 to an average of less than 3 per cent. during the last ten years. Now, however, the net bonded debt of the city is larger than ever before—even in Tweed times—as the result of Tammany financiering, and the margin below the constitutional limit available for an emergency or for any large undertaking, as, for instance, the construction of a rapid-transit railroad, is smaller than at any former time in over ten years.

Thus it will be seen that the Tammany process of reducing the annual tax-rate is exceedingly simple. It consists in adding a few millions annually to the bonded debt, in increasing the tax assessment from fifty to seventy millions annually, in grabbing a larger amount every year from the general fund, and in paying for present purchases with future promises. It is only necessary to carry the process a little further in order to bring the tax-rate still lower. Indeed, it is not absolutely necessary to have any taxes at all next year, or perhaps for two years. There is still a margin of over $70,000,000 under the constitutional limit of indebtedness. If Tammany chooses to wipe out taxes altogether for a year or two, it will only be necessary to issue three times as many bonds during the next two years as it did last year, and the thing is done.

MIND AND LABOR.

Karl Marx, who may be called the founder of the socialist school of political economy, practically denies to capital all necessary share in production, and claims for labor the ownership of the entire product. He is of opinion that the world could get on without capital or capitalists by the simple process of handing over to the State instruments or raw material of labor. Consumption would go on as at present, each person purchasing his commodities with notes received for his labor, minus something to be retained for public expenses. But there would be no capital or capitalists. The State would keep everybody employed. In fact, the collectivist creed now assigns no part in the work of the world to mere intellect, or, one may say, to any labor but manual labor, from which it naturally follows that the collectivists do not propose to allow in their system any highly paid persons or any permission to bequeath savings. They consider that the equal payment for labor —that is, so much per hour—will secure for the community all the service that any man is capable of rendering.

These theories of the right of labor to the whole product, and of the uselessness, or worse, of capital and capitalists, have made great progress among the working classes since Marx's book appeared, and the defence of the political economists has been on the whole feeble. A large number of the younger ones has been driven by them into repudiation of Adam Smith, Mill, and Ricardo, and into taking refuge in "ethical economics." There is no doubt that if they had any chance of being embodied in practice, they would be a serious menace to our civilization, and their diffusion among the working-classes is already productive of great social unrest and more or less class hatred. We do not think better service in the way of combating them can be done than by circulating Mr. Mallock's little book on 'Labor and the Popular Welfare,' published about the beginning of the year. He shows the part which "Ability," as he calls it, has had in the industrial progress of the world during the present century. He discards the misleading term "capitalist," which to the workingman too often means simply a person who puts large sums of money into a business, and who, by hook or by crook, gets large profits out of it. "Ability," in short, means *mind*, and what he undertakes to show is the enormous additions which mind as distinguished from manual labor has made to the wealth of the world. His discovery has excited a good deal of attention, and the Duke of Argyll has claimed the credit of having made it first in his 'Unseen Foundations of Society,' while a writer in the London *Spectator* claims it for a Scotch writer, Mr. Phillips, in a book entitled 'The Function of Labor in the Production of Wealth,' published in 1890.

We cannot undertake to settle these rival claims, but the greater amount of attention given to Mr. Mallock's exposition seems to indicate that it is the most cogent, detailed, and best fortified. Its importance, no matter with whom it originates, can hardly be overrated.

His process is a simple one enough. He makes all production the result of "human exertion," and human exertion he divides into "labor" and "ability." Labor is manual labor. All other exertion is ability. "Labor is a kind of exertion on the part of the individual which begins and ends with each separate task it is employed upon; while Ability is a kind of exertion on the part of the individual which is capable of affecting simultaneously the labor of an

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indefinite number of individuals." He illustrates this by an anecdote in the history of the steam engine. After Watt had invented it, there was one difficulty which in the opinion even of Smeaton was likely to make it, for all practical purposes, a failure. He could not make cylinders of any useful size sufficiently true to keep the pistons steam-tight. He set to work to train men for the purpose, from their youth up, and in process of time did secure a band of workmen of extraordinary skill, but they too were unsuccessful. "Henry Maudslay, by introducing the slide-rest, did at a single stroke for all the mechanics in the country what Watts, after years of effort, was unable to do for any of them. The power of one man thus descended on a thousand workshops, and sat on each of the laborers like the fire of an industrial Pentecost."

Ability is in short not only the inventor, but the man who applies the invention through machinery to human use. It is the man who imagines its possibilities and gives it form and substance, and who gives or raises the money necessary for its working—that is, inspires others with his own confidence. Above all, it is the man who not only produces but knows how to produce what people will want; for the producer who produces what people do not want is simply a waster of the world's resources. It is, too, the man who has that rare power of calculation which enables him to direct large numbers of men at one employment, keep their accounts, and so regulate their activity that they shall never produce more than the public needs, or less than it needs, so that the work can be made permanent.

In truth, Mr. Mallock might have summed up his description of Ability by defining it as the power of finding a market. It is this power of finding a market which makes production of any kind a success—the power of divining human wants that have never openly shown themselves, and supplying them. Nearly all socialistic discussions are defective in paying little or no attention to this question of markets. They talk as if the work of industry lay wholly in producing. In truth it lies just as much in selling. It is by selling that the manufacturer is made able to keep his factories open. He must not simply produce good things, he must get the public to want them, or his toil becomes child's-play. Why coöperative societies of production have so often failed lies in the fact that they rarely have any one in charge of them who has the selling capacity. Undertaker, superintendent, capitalist, captain of industry even, does not describe the successful seller—the man who searches out markets at home and abroad, and supplies exactly the articles they call for.

Mr. Mallock's process of proof is in substance very simple, though of course it will bear indefinite expansion. In 1800 the income of Great Britain from a population of ten millions was £140,000,000, or about £14 per head. It was not possible that Labor produced all this itself, but for the sake of argument he assumes that it was all made by Labor and by nothing else. Well, the total revenue of Great Britain to-day is £35 per head, or £35,000,000 for each ten millions of population. That is, for each million of population there is nearly double what income there was then. Now Labor as Labor could not add to this income in this ratio. What the laborer, left to himself, does one year he does the next. Now where does the difference between the £140,000 produced by each 10,000,000 in 1800, and the £350,000,000 produced by them now come from? The national income now is £1,300,000,000. Left to labor alone, at the same rate of increase, it would now be only £500,000,000. Who contributes the other £800,000,000? "Ability and capital," says Mr. Mallock, and it would be hard to gainsay him.

It must be borne in mind that this enormous increase of population, with its corresponding increase of income, would not have been possible without an incalculable amount of inventing, adapting, contriving, organizing, administering, calculating, all of which is head-work, and head-work which we are fully justified in believing could not be had for any salary whatever, or for any inducement except fame and fortune. For nothing else can we get the highest exertions of which the human mind is capable in the field of production. The men capable of these extraordinary feats cannot be hired at monthly wages. And we must remember that fully half of their ability was displayed not so much in supplying people's wants, as in discovering what these wants are.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

TOKYO, September 29, 1894.

THE war with China has been on the point of breaking out more than once during the last twenty years. In the year 1873 some Coreans, shipwrecked on the coast of Japan, were sent home in charge of Japanese officials. The Corean Government received the sailors, but insulted the officials who had come to express friendship for Corea. Japan then addressed an inquiry to the Chinese Government whether Corea was a dependency of China or not, as in the former case the Japanese Government would demand reparation, not from Corea, but from China. The Chinese authorities, however, on this occasion repudiated all responsibility for the acts of Corea, thus in effect acknowledging the independence of the little kingdom. In the treaty of Kanghoa between Japan and Corea signed in 1876, the independence of Corea was fully recognized, and in the same spirit treaties were concluded with the nations of the West.

In refusing to be held to damages done by Coreans to citizens of other nations, it was not the purpose of the Chinese Government to entirely withdraw its authority over that kingdom. Here, indeed, we have a good example of the mysteries of Oriental diplomacy. The Chinese minister at Seul had apparently unlimited powers over Corean affairs. No sooner had the Japanese claims been granted than China guided the policy of Corea mainly to thwart all influence on the part of the Japanese. Various outbreaks against the latter occurred, until finally, at the Chemulpo convention of 1882, Japan demanded and secured the right of stationing troops in Corea to protect the Japanese who were living in that country. This was the first step whereby Japan placed herself on a footing of equality with China on Corean territory.

Corea is a country where official corruption has reached a degree of perfection that even Turkey might envy. Officials seldom receive fixed salaries, but depend upon bribes and petty extortions. So thoroughly ingrained is the habit of bribery in the whole official system that few men, except of the most ordinary ability, can be found to fill places where no opportunity for extortion exists. With the opening of the country to foreign trade the expenses of the Government increased, and in consequence the people were fleeced more unmercifully than even under the old régime. Formerly the revenue was farmed out to local officials for the period of three years, but recently, with the advent of the Ming dynasty, the period was cut down to a year. The result was that the officials could not distribute the burden of taxes over any length of time, but were forced to get out of the people whatever profits they could during the single year of their tenure. The rapacity of the Government finally reached a point where the people could endure it no longer. In the year 1884 a revolution to overthrow the Ming plunderers, introduce reforms, and generally favor the progressive methods of Japan, as against the stereotyped methods of China, was attempted. At the time of this insurrection, both Japan and China despatched troops to Corea. On this occasion, as on so many others, Japan saw China completely in the ascendant. The disturbance was quelled by the efforts of the Chinese, and these efforts Japan saw were also directed against herself. The victorious Coreans again destroyed the Japanese Legation in Seul (they had previously burned it in 1882), drove the inmates from the place, and killed several Japanese. Again Japan treated Corea with lenity. She demanded an apology and a small indemnity, besides the rebuilding of the legation. A more important result, however, was the treaty made the following year with China. It was agreed between the Governments of China and Japan that both Powers should simultaneously withdraw their troops from Corean soil, but, if occasion arose for landing fresh troops, each country should give notice to the other. This convention left a strong feeling of resentment among the Japanese.

In the spring of the present year another of the periodical uprisings occurred in Corea. This party of revolutionists, known as the Togaku-To (literally Eastern Learning Party), was composed mainly of peasants who were driven to extremity by the insolent exactions of the officials. The Corean Government despatched a body of troops against the insurgents, but the latter won victory after victory, until it soon became evident that Seul and the Government were threatened. The Japanese universally sympathized with the Togaku-To. In the uprising of that party they saw much the same dumb struggle against an intolerable state of things that they themselves underwent thirty years ago. At this time diplomatic proceedings between China and Japan began to complicate matters. China despatched 2,500 soldiers to Corea to assist the Government to crush the Togaku-To—not,

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however, giving notice to Japan until the troops were under way. At this news the Japanese Government and people were roused, and immediately the cabinet ordered a much larger number of Japanese soldiers to proceed to Corea. As soon as the troops of both countries arrived, the Togaku-To was crushed, or rather it fell to pieces before the array of foreign forces.

The important question, however, still remained. What was to be done with Corea? The Japanese Government invited China, in an entirely cordial manner, to coöperate with it in effecting certain reforms within the kingdom, and submitted a plan of reform to the authorities at Seul, which they discussed in apparent amiability and in a spirit of mutual faith. After a few weeks the Corean Government suddenly announced to the Japanese representative, Mr. Otori, that the reforms were not agreeable to it, and that it could not carry them into effect. The hand of China was clearly perceptible in this negotiation. She wished to gain time, but instead she succeeded only in giving the Japanese Government a definite purpose. Japan despatched war vessels to guard the coast of Corea; and almost immediately afterward occurred the *Kowshing* affair, followed a little later by a declaration of war.

The Japanese have felt the shoe pinching them for over two decades. They know and feel, as an American cannot, that their country is not respected as the other great Powers are. In the days of Sir Harry Parkes they were made to feel their inferiority in the most brutal fashion. The spirit that actuated that arbitrary diplomat may still be seen in the English press of Yokohama and in the prevailing tone of the foreign community of the open ports. These newspapers, with the single exception of the *Japan Mail*, indulge in every species of sneer at the war and its motive. There can be no doubt that a strong Jingo sentiment animates the Japanese; but the main motive of the war is not this, but rather what I have tried to explain—a deep feeling of resentment against China for her high-handed career in Corea during the last twenty years.

Perhaps the best example of the spirit that animates the most intelligent class of the Japanese people is to be seen in the columns of the *Jiji Shimpo*, one of the leading newspapers of Japan, especially popular among the business and professional classes. Mr. Fukuzawa, its editor, is known throughout the country for his ability, his patriotism, and his success. There is no position in the power of the Government which he could not have occupied, had he been disposed to accept it. Yet he has steadily refused to identify himself with the Government, or any political party, preferring the part of a free lance. Some weeks ago Mr. Fukuzawa contributed the sum of 10,000 yen to the volunteer war fund—a large amount for him, representing probably a year's income, and he took the occasion to explain his motives to his countrymen. He begins by saying that, while travelling abroad years ago, he was much struck with the vast influence of the English-speaking people and the respect they everywhere commanded. He saw then that if Japan was ever to become a powerful nation, it must strive to deliver itself from its Oriental conservatism, and must adopt the principles of Occidental civilization. In many ways, he confesses, his prayer has been fulfilled. It has been a constant source of satisfaction to him to see his country advancing in all those ways that tend to a better state of civilization. But Japan must not merely advance herself, she must be a leader of civilization in the Orient, and especially in Corea. In this effort her attempts have been constantly obstructed by China; and he therefore hopes that Japan will prosecute the war to its extremity, and crush her unwieldy and bigoted antagonist. Though a scholar who has never engaged in the business of money-making, he gladly makes this contribution to assist his country at this critical moment, so that he may enjoy the boundless pleasure of seeing his country respected throughout the world, and become a worthy member of the nations of it.

The same sentiment pervades the whole Japanese nation. For the first time in many years, political bickerings and strifes are forgotten. There is not a dissenting voice raised even among those who have most bitterly attacked the Government, and no one who is interested in the welfare of Japan can see this union of all classes and parties without taking a more hopeful view of the future of the country. The same enthusiasm extends to the soldiers. Those who are drawn off for service in Corea regard themselves as fortunate, and are envied by those who still remain behind.

Much speculation is going on in certain quarters as to the probable issue of this war; many profess to think that, while the Japanese might succeed at the beginning, they would be unable to cope with China in a long-continued conflict. In truth, however, to any one familiar with the conditions of both armies, there can be little question as to the final result of the war. Japan has been training her army for over twenty years. On no department of the Government has she spent time and money more seriously or carefully. In all the details of military art she has striven to attain perfection. The commissariat department of the Japanese army is as good, probably, as that of any European army. The corps of military engineers are highly praised for their efficiency, and the medical and hospital service has been developed from the best foreign models. In all these respects the Chinese army is so defective as to be a laughing-stock in times of peace. Moreover, the administration of the Japanese army has always been fairly free from charges of corruption, while that of the Chinese army is said on all sides to be hopelessly corrupt. All the other tests tell the same story. No one, even the most anti-Japanese newspaper, can say that the Japanese soldiers lack courage; they are brave, loyal, and amenable to discipline. The Chinese soldiers seem to lack courage without having any compensating qualities. They refuse to obey their officers in the discharge of ordinary duties, and in time of danger they resort to mutiny. Other qualities are equally in favor of the Japanese. The conduct of the Chinese soldiers in Corea has been characterized by such cruelty, dishonesty, and depredation that they have completely alienated the sympathy of the Coreans in the districts which the army has occupied. The Japanese soldiers, on the contrary, have been under the strictest discipline, and upon the single occasion where two soldiers committed a very slight theft they were sentenced to the heaviest punishment allowed by military law. A foreigner living in Corea writes that "he has yet to hear of any complaint against the Japanese troops." He quotes a Corean as saying: "The Japanese pay for everything, down to the water-carrier for bringing water."

Not to make this letter too long, I will close by abbreviating a notification issued by the Minister of War, Count Oyama, to the army in general, and particularly to the soldiers at present in Corea:

"Belligerent operations being properly confined to the military and naval forces actually engaged, and there being no reason whatever for enmity between individuals because their country is at war, the common principles of humanity dictate that succor and rescue should be extended even to those of the enemy's forces who are disabled by either wounds or disease. In obedience to these principles, civilized nations in time of peace enter into conventions to mutually assist disabled persons in time of war without distinction of friend or foe. This humane union is called the Geneva Convention, or more commonly the Red Cross Association. Japan became a party to it in June, 1886, and her soldiers have been already instructed to treat with kindness and helpfulness such of their enemies as have been disabled. China, not having joined any such convention, may permit her soldiers to subject diseased or wounded Japanese to merciless treatment. . . . Japanese soldiers must not forget that, however cruel and vindictive the foe may show himself, he must nevertheless be treated in accordance with the acknowledged rules of civilization, his disabled succored, and his captured kindly and considerately protected. . . . We cannot too much admire the course pursued by a certain Western country which, in handing over an enemy's general, complied with all the rites and ceremonies suitable to the rank of the captive. Japanese soldiers . . . should not be more anxious to display courage than charity."

I have reason to know that all the humane observances enjoined in this notification will be fully carried out in the Japanese army; and with so much courage, justice, and mercy on the side of Japan, who can doubt the issue of the struggle?

G. D.

GENERAL THIÉBAULT'S MEMOIRS.

PARIS, October 8, 1894.

THE great results which Gen. Bonaparte had obtained in Italy, in his first campaign, which will be ever memorable and will be studied by the strategists of all time, had completely been lost during his Egyptian campaign. His absence was considered a national misfortune. The Government of the Directory had fallen into contempt. The third volume of the Memoirs of Gen. Thiébault, which has just appeared, opens at this period. There are men who conform their acts to their opinions, others who form their opinions from their acts. Thiébault seems to have belonged to this second class. Nobody can be more severe than he is towards the Directory of 1799. Italy had to be almost entirely evacuated by the French, who remained only at Genoa; Suvaroff, after his victory on the Trebbia, was prevented only by Moreau from taking Genoa. The Directory ordered Joubert to offer battle to Suvaroff (who had joined his troops with those of the Austrians), thinking it could order a victory as it did a representation at the Opéra. Joubert was killed at the very beginning of the battle, which ended in a complete defeat for the French. After this defeat at Novi, the French, thanks to Moreau, could still keep Genoa, but they had to evacuate all the rest of Italy. Suvaroff entered Switzerland, but there he met Masséna, who conducted a most extraordinary campaign in the mountains, and succeeded in defeating three armies, and in forcing Suvaroff, Hotze, and Korsakoff to retreat. Masséna alone had retrieved the fortune of France, but Italy was lost.

On the 14th of October, 1799, Thiébault was in the Palais Royal. He saw great crowds forming; a man rushed by him, crying, "Gen. Bonaparte has just landed at Fréjus." Paris was in a fever at once; all houses were illu-

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minated in the evening; in all theatres shouts of "Vive Bonaparte!" were heard.

"It was not," says Thiébault, "the return of a general which was greeted: it was, under the uniform of a general, the return of a chief—of a chief who seemed necessary to the army, to politics, and to the Government. There remained in France only the semblance of a government, and the Constitution had ceased to constitute anything. . . . There was surely in the Directory some talent, character, and patriotism; but five chiefs in place of one, instead of multiplying forces, divided and annulled them. What could the Directors—men without fortune, without family, without a future, without any consistency, notwithstanding their uniforms and the palaces in which they lodged—do against military chiefs who had become famous in so many battles? Could the conquerors of so many kings remain out side of this Directory, or be represented in it by a Moulin? Moulin giving orders to Kléber. Pichegru, Saint-Cyr, Desaix, Moreau, Jourdan, Masséna, Bonaparte—burlesque!"

As for Bonaparte, the popular belief attributed all the recent defeats to his absence; it seemed as if victory had gone with him, and could return only with him. In a military point of view, Bonaparte was in fault; he had left Egypt and his army without orders, and he had taken with him several of his generals and officers. Sieyès once said to him afterwards, in a moment of anger, that the Directory might have court-martialled him and had him shot. But a revolution was "in the air," and Bonaparte was the expected saviour.

Bonaparte arrived on the 16th of October. Gen. Thiébault called on him on the 18th, tendering congratulations on his happy return. He was well received, and Bonaparte bade him come again. A few days afterwards, on the 26th of October (4th Brumaire), Bonaparte had him at breakfast with Mme. Bonaparte. After breakfast came several people, and Bonaparte spoke with great acrimony of the Directory. "What can generals hope for, with a government of lawyers? If you wish the lieutenants to be devoted, give them a chief capable of appreciating, of directing, of supporting them." "At this word *lieutenants*," says Thiébault, "I thought I heard Cæsar; the ground seemed to me dangerous, and I took my leave." He was already gone when Bonaparte opened the door and said to him, "Go and give your address to Berthier." Thiébault did not doubt from this moment that a *coup d'état* was preparing; he did not go to Berthier, but waited for events.

Why did he go to Saint-Cloud on the morning of the 18th Brumaire? He does not tell us; he says merely: "It was only there that I could determine my future conduct." He adds that the many people who were there looked much at one another, but did not speak. Bonaparte appeared for a moment: "Go and bring me the chief of Battalion X." An aide-de-camp returned with this chief. "By whose order," asked Bonaparte, "did you displace such a post?" The officer answered, and very properly. "Napoleon, in a tone of the greatest anger, said: 'Nobody gives orders here but myself. Arrest this man and put him in prison.'" The officer was immediately and roughly carried away. Thiébault was shocked. "Is it to be witnesses of such things that we are here?" Nobody spoke. "As such acts do not suit me, I am going back to Paris." And he left, "having," said he, "prepared for my future an interminable series of tribulations and denials of justice, instead of favors of all sorts, and the brilliant future of which destiny had made me for a moment the arbiter."

Thiébault's indignation was not so great that, a few days afterwards, he did not go to the Luxembourg the day of the first public reception given by Bonaparte, now First Consul. Napoleon saw him, looked at him with a stern countenance, and passed by him saying, "It seems that you know well the roads of Italy." "General Consul, I thought it my duty to submit to you a memoir on the subject." Napoleon answered nothing, took a pinch of snuff, and went on. Thiébault's own account shows that he was quite disposed to enter into Napoleon's views. His visits to him, his presence at Saint-Cloud when the *coup d'état* against the Five Hundred took place, are not easily reconcilable with his abrupt departure; his presentation of a memoir on the roads of Italy and a new plan of campaign to the First Consul shows equally well that he had not remained under the first impression which he received at Saint-Cloud. That Napoleon did not take him into his favor seems somewhat natural. Thiébault may have been a very good soldier; he was somewhat illogical and inconsiderate. The Memoirs show him often to have been wanting in judgment.

Masséna took Thiébault with him to Italy and placed him on his staff; he became, in fact, Masséna's secretary, and wrote all his military correspondence. Melas, the Austrian general, opened the campaign with 135,000 men and some Sardinian troops; an English fleet was before Genoa. The incidents of the siege of Genoa were told in detail by Thiébault, in a 'Journal of the Military and Administrative Operations of the Siege and Blockade of Genoa,' which appeared in 1801, and was translated into English and published in London in 1809. Masséna's long resistance at Genoa, by keeping the Austrians occupied, allowed Napoleon to make his famous campaign which ended in the victory at Marengo. The siege is one of the memorable events of the time. Masséna held the Austrians before Genoa for fifty-eight days, fighting every day and night; he kept the 50,000 inhabitants of the town quiet, though they had to suffer with the soldiers all the horrors of famine. Masséna's hair turned white. He began negotiations with the Austrians and English on the 1st of June, and procured for his troops the most honorable capitulation. He was allowed to evacuate Genoa and preserve entire liberty of movement. He had seen 20,000 men perish during the siege; nothing daunted, he resolved with the 16,000 men which he had still under his command in Italy to continue the campaign.

Meanwhile Napoleon gained the battle of Marengo, and peace was signed. The first meeting of Masséna and Napoleon took place at Milan; the only witness of it was Gen. Berthier. Thiébault, who accompanied Masséna, remained in another room with Murat, Junot and Duroc, and the officers on duty. When Masséna reappeared, he said: "Gentlemen, the First Consul returns to Paris, and I command the army." Bonaparte left the next day, and Masséna entered on his functions at once; he kept Thiébault with him. We need not enter into details about Thiébault's occupations in Milan; his time was divided between Masséna and an Italian lady, of whom he speaks *ad nauseam*. Such affairs interest nobody except the parties in question. The merit of his Memoirs, which in some parts is real, is greatly diminished by a number of adventures and anecdotes which are far from edifying, and which are often simply vulgar and sometimes very coarse.

After three months, which for Thiébault changed Milan into a Capua, Masséna was replaced by Brune; and Thiébault, faithful to Masséna, returned to France, taking with him the 'Journal of the Siege of Genoa.' As soon as he arrived in Paris, he went to the Tuileries to the audience of Napoleon. The First Consul spoke to Mortier at some length; when he reached Thiébault he said brusquely: "You are General Thiébault?" "In order to be, General Consul, I need your confirmation." "You can count upon it. Good-day, General Thiébault." The confirmation came three days afterwards. Thiébault was only thirty-one years old. He remained some time in Paris, waiting for orders; he dined twice with Bonaparte, went to the balls at the Opéra, and to the parties of Mme. de Montesson, the morganatic wife of the Duc d'Orléans (the father of Philippe Égalité), the aunt of Mme. de Genlis and of Gen. de Valence.

Thiébault was sent to the south of France and afterwards to Spain. We find nothing of much interest in his account of his journeys in the peninsula—great ignorance and great horror of Spanish posadas and of Spanish manners, garrison adventures which were not worth repeating, which still give the reader an idea of what were the elements of the "grande armée." We speak often of the epopee of the Empire. Thiébault shows us, perhaps better than he thought, the vulgar side of the heroic epopee. The petty jealousies of the chiefs fill a large place in his account, and some of the most famous generals of the time are very severely handled. He did not remain long in Spain; he returned to Paris, but felt himself under a cloud. He had acquired the reputation of being one of the enemies of the First Consul, "while," he says, "I was only my own enemy." In 1807, Napoleon made the Concordat which reconciled republican France (for France was still nominally a Republic) with the Papacy. The Concordat evidently gave satisfaction to the people; but Thiébault says: "I do not inquire into the necessity or the timeliness of this return to the Catholic Church; what is certain is that, at the time, the enemies of the First Consul and of the Revolution were delighted with it, that their friends and the army as a whole were thrown into consternation by it. As for the First Consul, he had in this circumstance, if he could have doubted his power, proof that it was immense; for who but himself would not have failed in such an attempt?"

At the reopening of Notre Dame, there was a great ceremony. All the generals then residing at Paris were invited to it, but no places had been reserved for them. When Masséna, Ney, Lefebvre (the *Lefebvre* of "Mme. Sans-Gêne") arrived, they found no chairs. A master of ceremonies arrived, and said that he did not know what to do, as there was no more room anywhere. "Go to the devil," said Masséna, and, seizing and shaking the chair of a priest on which his hand rested, he made him get off, and took his place. This example was immediately followed. One of the generals, Pommereul, commented to Napoleon on the Concordat; the First Consul merely answered, "I will not allow the priests to go beyond their part as priests." To which Pommereul answered, "It is not easy to limit people who speak only in your ear." Thiébault's testimony about the impression made by the Concordat in the army is corroborated by many of his contemporaries. He says that Moreau would not go to Notre Dame, and that he showed himself publicly during the whole service in the garden of the Tuileries. His example, however, was not followed by sixty other generals then in Paris.

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VELASQUEZ IN MADRID.—I.

LONDON, September, 1894.

As a rule, one visits a great national gallery to see a fine collection of pictures; but to the Prado one goes to study Velasquez—a fact which it is wise to accept frankly since it gives the Spanish gallery its chief interest for the present generation, upon whom none other of the old masters has had such vital and vigorous influence.

The very strength of the existing belief in Velasquez might suggest it to be but a passing fad. The cautious critic may pause to ask if we alone can be right, so many of our forefathers wrong. In his own time, of course, Velasquez was looked upon as a giant among painters, and this in Italy no less than at home. But then in Spain Murillo was his principal contemporary, Carducho, Caxesi, and Nardi—who now knows their names?—his fellow court painters, while in Italy Guido and Guercino were reigning favorites; and after the death of Philip IV. he was readily and speedily forgotten. It is as true, however, that, during the long years which followed, his most important work was hidden from the public in the Escorial and other royal palaces, and that as soon as it was removed to the Prado his personality reasserted itself; the recognition of Englishmen like Wilkie, Frenchmen like Gautier, gradually developing into the modern enthusiasm. Besides, the same gallery offers every chance for comparative study. In it hang masterpieces by Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese—not a few chosen by Velasquez himself—and many of Rubens's and Vandyke's finest portraits; in it, Van Eyck, Dürer, and Holbein recall other standards. Murillo, Ribera, Zurbaran, and Goya represent the highest achievement of the Spanish school, had there been no Velasquez. A reputation based upon fad could scarce survive the comparison.

One's pleasure in a gallery depends so largely upon its arrangement that, before considering the pictures, the Prado's advantages and disadvantages in this respect are well worth noting. Without, it may be as unimpressive and shabby as all Madrid; within, its walls have something of the sumptuousness, something of the stateliness, which befits a great museum of pictures, though, as an educational rival to the Louvre or to the collection in Trafalgar Square, its drawbacks are many. For, if it be encumbered with less of the rubbish that offends at Dresden or Vienna, it is also lacking in good examples of certain great men and great periods. Surfeited with dull Brueghels and tedious Teniers, one looks in vain for a Terburg or a De Hooghe; Rubens, as is his wont, flaunts the fatal facility of his workshop over acres of wall-space better bare, and only one Rembrandt is included, not a single Franz Hals; Raphael is exalted, Botticelli ignored. Nor do these exhaust the list of omissions. Again, despite an attempt at sequence and system in the hanging, there is provoking confusion of schools and masters, while the catalogue proves the labyrinth in which to-day the compiler exults and the student is promptly lost. The smaller rooms are badly lighted, and their guardians are ever at the heels of the poor foreigner, popularly supposed to be in Spain solely to scatter stray pesetas. On the other hand, in so subordinate but essential a detail as ventilation, no cause is found for complaint. I was in Madrid during one of its spells of intense heat—and nowhere can it be hotter; but, though just then a lament over the disastrous influence of summer weather upon pictures in London's National Gallery was filling columns of the *Times*, the temperature of the Prado was cool and pleasant, so admirably are its rooms ventilated. But, after all, any discomfort will seem small if interest be centred upon Velasquez and the Venetians, and if the decorative value of a picture on the wall be held of as much importance as the convenience of student or critic.

The chances are that modern Spaniards accept the greatness of Velasquez on faith. Certainly, in the gallery, to one native artist striving to reproduce his subtleties, twenty are making poor copies of poor Murillos. But the authorities have had the sense to arrange his pictures exceedingly well, and with some feeling for dramatic effect. Those which are first seen form a group half-way down the great hall which, instinctively, one enters at once, and, leading up to them—the prelude, as it were—hangs the work of Juanes, Murillo, Ribera, who explain the conventions from which Velasquez escaped, and of Goya, reputed heir to his traditions, who reveals the puerilities into which his successors fell. If Goya detains one longest, simply because his name is so often heard, his work so seldom seen outside of Madrid, he offers little but disappointment. A few sketches of heads are as vivid and strong in character as the finished figures in the "Family of Charles IV.," which hangs up stairs, are dull and commonplace; the other portraits may interest because they suggest the influence of England rather than of Spain; one, of the painter Bayeu, may delight by its lovely harmony of grays which Velasquez might have inspired; but the series, as a whole, can but mark the decadence attributed to the mediocrities of a later date, and a visit to the room above, consecrated to his tapestry designs, more than confirms the impression. If Juanes, from whom less is expected, pleases more, if a portrait or tiny canvas here and there shows what he might have done had he always painted to please himself, he was still bound too fast in primitive leading-strings to make his personality a power. If Murillo's Madonnas and Holy Children hang together in numbers exceeded only in Seville and rivalled nowhere else, their sweetness and affectation gain nothing from the obvious repetition of motive and treatment; so that to have seen a single canvas in London or Paris is, virtually, to have seen all that are here. And if Ribera's vigor, after Murillo's prettiness, braces like a tonic, if the rich color and straightforward simplicity of composition in his St. Bartholomew or his Old Hermit, as in the Dresden Magdalen, compel attention, he was too often willing to efface himself for the sake of prevailing conventions, and to transfer to his pictures the correct model correctly posed, rather than the real men or the real women.

There could be no stronger contrast than to turn from these four artists immediately to Velasquez. For even if one has felt the force of the "Philip and the Admiral" in London, of the royal portraits in Vienna, of the General Borro (his, despite *ex-cathedra* utterances of the useless connoisseur) in Berlin, the group of canvases with which one is now confronted must come as a new revelation of his genius. It includes the equestrian portraits, the Dwarfs, the Æsop, several of the best portraits of Philip, the Maids of Honor, and the Lances; that is, it includes almost all his most distinguished and characteristic pictures. To pass them by with no greater emotion than the Murillos and Riberas were passed would be impossible. They may repel, they may perplex; but, whatever the emotion they excite, they are not to be ignored. The intense and sincere individuality of the man takes hold of one and commands respect. Sweet sentiment may be still preferred, old formulas prized more highly, but the power with which he evolved a style as sound as new, and demonstrated the possibilities of new materials, is felt before one has had time to analyze impressions.

After this group, the beautiful Titians and Tintorettos and Veroneses that adorn the upper end of the hall do not satisfy and enchant to the same degree as they never fail to do elsewhere. I do not want to be misunderstood. That among these canvases are many not to be lightly overlooked nor dismissed in a word, it would be worse than folly to dispute. But the truth remains that the Venetians, in other galleries apt to overpower artists who share the walls with them, in their turn are here somewhat overpowered by Velasquez, of whom, in a measure, they were the masters. Their individuality, strong as it is, seems to lose in strength when compared to his. Perhaps Velasquez is put to a fairer test in the large room, which corresponds to the Salon Carré of the Louvre, inasmuch as it is preserved for those great examples of all schools and nations which are held to be the gallery's richest treasures. Here his work, no longer gathered in a single series, is well scattered, and a fair number of the world's masterpieces challenge preëminence with it. For here, too, are Titian's Bacchanals and his Cupids, here Rubens's portrait of Marie de Médicis. The face of Dürer, as painted by himself, in frame of curls and under cap and feather, the man with the bulbous nose, by Holbein, are best of foils to Moro's Mary Tudor, to Vandyke's Countess of Oxford. The tiny "Death of the Virgin" by Mantegna, with its lovely landscape; the interiors, masterly in their excess of finish, by Van Eyck, prove how little mere size has to do with the painter's triumph. Lotto's "Betrothal," Zurbaran's "Sleeping Child Jesus," show how, in his happiest mood, the lesser master also could excel. In a word, there is not a canvas that does not call for careful study; even the Raphaels, the small Holy Family excepted, detaining one, if only to marvel at the endurance of the fame which still claims distinguished honors for such indifferent commonplace. But in this gallery, as in the hall, it is again Velasquez who figures most conspicuously on the walls; again Velasquez who demands, as a right, acceptance of his supremacy. It is to his "Spinners" the eye involuntarily is drawn first, though Rubens's "Garden of Love" may face it; it is the study of the nude in his "Topers" that stirs to admiration, though Titian's "Venus and Adonis" (scarce the worthy replica of the National Gallery Venus, it should be added) hangs not far away; his Maria Theresa, his Fernando of Austria, his sculptor Montañes are the people who "live within their frames and stand upon their legs"; and though Murillo's "St. John and Child Jesus" is a melting tribute to that artist's *vaporosa* period, of which the guidebook discourses so learnedly, its prettiness is completely overpowered by the vigor of the "St. Anthony Visiting St. Paul in the Desert."

Another test awaits Velasquez in the room devoted wholly to the Spanish school, and again the result establishes the irresistible power of his personality in paint. Ribera's Titans writhe in agony, Murillo's Virgins ascend in glory, kings fill many a canvas with their royal presence. But the pictures that, in studio slang, "make a hole in the wall," are the joyous Don Baltbasar, with crimson scarf flying, on his barrel-like horse, the sombre

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"Forge of Vulcan," the Queen Mariana, ill-temper writ large on her well-rouged face, the Philip in shining armor. These are the pictures which one sees first, which one goes back to see again and again; the pictures which interest most at the time, which linger longest in the memory. N. N.

Correspondence.

TARIFF AND INCOME TAX.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If Senator Hoar objects to income tax on the ground that it "puts an equal burden upon the man without property whose income is derived from his labor, and the man who possesses property which has come to him by inheritance," may he not with profit study the operation of tariff taxes, to which exactly the same objection applies?

We might ask the Senator if he thinks the law should deal more harshly with a thief who robs a man depending upon a salary than one who robs a man enjoying the same income from property. A moral thief, in the Senator's mind, may be one who piously discriminates in favor of those who earn their living, despoiling only such as are guilty of possessing something they did not earn. Can we not go deeper into the evil of income tax, and decide that its wrong consists in taking private property? or must we all fall into line with the Socialists, and declare that private property is to be held sacred only so long as the "State" does not want it? T. Wistar Brown, Jr.

Philadelphia, October 26, 1894.

MODERN GREEK PRONUNCIATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A passage in the letter of Prof. W. C. Lawton on "Romaic and Greek" in the last *Nation* seems to imply that "the conviction has been uttered" by me, "that we must eventually decide to make this modern patois [modern Greek] our stepping-stone to the classical speech." I have never had any convictions to utter upon this subject, and I have never even suggested that modern Greek should be used as a stepping-stone to the study of ancient Greek. Prof. Lawton probably refers to a remark on Greek pronunciation in the preface of my recently published Greek Grammar, where, after speaking of the impossibility of pronouncing a Greek sentence now so that it would have been intelligible to Demosthenes or Plato, I say:

"I therefore look upon the question of Greek pronunciation chiefly as it concerns the means of communication between modern scholars and between teachers and pupils. I see no prospect of uniformity here, unless at some future time scholars agree to unite on the modern Greek pronunciation, with all its objectionable features. As Athens becomes more and more a centre of civilization and art, her claim to decide the question of the pronunciation of her ancient language may some time be too strong to resist. In the meantime, I see no reason for changing the system of pronunciation which I have followed and advocated more than thirty years, which adopts what is tolerably certain and practicable in the ancient pronunciation and leaves the rest to modern usage or to individual judgment."

In 1860, when I succeeded my beloved teacher, the late President Felton, as professor of Greek, I promised him that I would advocate the modern pronunciation of ancient Greek when Constantinople became the capital of a restored Greek empire—an event which he confidently expected to occur within the next five or ten years. When this condition is fulfilled, there may be ground for the alarm which appears in Prof. Lawton's letter. At present this seems to me premature.

William W. Goodwin.

Cambridge, October 27, 1894.

A "COURS DE VACANCES."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: During the summer of 1894 an event of considerable importance took place, viz: the inauguration, under the auspices of the Alliance Française, 45 rue de Grenelle, of a summer course of lectures, "of a quality such as can be found only at Paris." Heretofore American teachers of French who have gone abroad to improve their qualifications have been obliged either to take private lessons or to give up their positions for a year in order to attend the Sorbonne. Henceforth they will have the advantage of courses planned for the benefit of foreigners and delivered by lecturers of acknowledged worth and reputation.

Owing, apparently, to a lack of proper advertisement (the Americans usually best informed being unaware that the courses were to begin), the number in the classes was not so large as it well might have been. And yet the modest rooms devoted to the purpose were filled almost to overflowing by a concourse of from thirty to forty visitors from England, Holland, Sweden, Germany, Poland, and Rumania. Only three Americans were registered. Among the courses, which were five in number, the one having the largest attendance was that in diction and elocution, given by M. Berr of the Comédie-Française. His method was very simple. Each of us read to him before the class a selection from French literature, with a view to correct pronunciation, but more especially to correct delivery. It was a treat, meanwhile, to listen to M. Berr's rendering of the French classic writers—a treat all the rarer in the case of authors like Bossuet, La Fontaine, or La Bruyère, who may not be enjoyed at the theatre. One word of minor criticism may be permitted. M. Berr's instruction, as he himself had the frankness to acknowledge, was that of an actor rather than of a teacher, his style of delivery partaking more of the stage than of the class-room. On the other hand, the lectures on the French language of to-day by M. Ferdinand Brunot, if chargeable with unsuitability, found their difficulty in the deficient preparation of his pupils, most of whom, for want of grounding in the elements of Old French, appeared to lose the drift of M. Brunot's most illuminating remarks when they bore on the origin of contemporary idioms; a subject which formed a large part of his aim and purpose. By his enthusiasm, however, he awakened the interest of nearly all his auditors. After a lecture, I asked him, in relation to the recent study of contemporary French grammar, whether there was not a good deal of scientific interest in the French language of to-day. His reply was, "Il n'a pas commencé."

The lectures in literature covered in general the modern period from Rabelais down. M. Jacquinet, who proved himself a charming lecturer, both by his delivery and by his faithfulness to the spirit of literary *chefs-d'œuvre*, gave a résumé of the principal works from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century inclusive. For the nineteenth century we had the gratification of listening to M. René Doumic, the author of the popular 'Histoire de la Littérature Française' and of several volumes of essays, one of which, 'Écrivains d'aujourd'hui,' was reviewed some time ago in the *Nation*. M. Doumic's readers, had they all been present, would have found him not less pleasant as a lecturer than as a writer. Personally he is apparently between thirty and forty years of age, short in stature, pale both from ill-health and from severe labor, and remarkable for a gray eye that now seems to dream over its idealizing or reflection, now lights up quietly with the malice of the *esprit gaulois*.

Last, but not least, M. Chailley-Bert of the *Journal des Débats* naturally found sympathy as one who interests himself, as a student, in the political problems of what he calls the "four great peoples of the world," France, England, Germany, and the United States. And while we were forced to smile now and then as he drew a portrait of the contemporary Frenchman, we were obliged also to admire him as a patriot who did not fear to tell the truth concerning the country to whose welfare he was devoted.

There were one or two lacunæ in the general plan of the *Cours*. One of them, the filling of which would perhaps be too much to expect from conservative men of education, was the French literature of 1880, a subject of increasing attention among scholars in European countries other than France, and one deeply involving, of course, the French literature of the future. A defect which would be more readily acknowledged was the lack of opportunity for acquaintance with Old French—a branch beginning to be studied in American colleges, and constituting of late the life-study of some of the best intellects of France and Germany. A. B. S.

Berlin, October 13, 1894.

FARMING IN MARYLAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The article on "Wheat Farmers in Maryland," by Mr. C. Meriwether of Frederick, in No. 1520 of the *Nation*, has deservedly attracted widespread attention. "The largest crop in twelve years and the lowest price ever known," decline in prices of all the products of the farm, a continual falling off of the values of land, mortgages burdening the farmers until they are obliged to become tenants instead of owners, and a general decline of prosperity with no prospect of recovery, is the gloomy picture painted by Mr. Meriwether of the beautiful, once so prosperous, Maryland, with the best farming land in the world and a thrifty, intelligent, and industrious population. The redeeming features are the low prices of everything for the consumer, and the steadfast faith in sound economical principles prevailing among the people. No Populism there.

In many respects Maryland reminds me of my native country, Denmark, which, seventeen years ago, when I left it to become an American, was passing through the same deplorable condition in which the State of Maryland as well as other Eastern and Southern States are found to-day. Denmark is essentially an agricultural country. No coal, nor iron, nor precious metals are found beneath its soil. But glorious carpets of the "yellow grain," of barley and of oats, adorned its plains, and well-stocked barns abounded on its undulating lands. The export of wheat was the main support of farming. But lo! though the crops might be the largest in years, the prices were the lowest ever known. Downward and downward they pitilessly fell. Mort-

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gage piled upon mortgage, sheriff's sales of farms that had been in the possession of the same families a century, inability to pay rent, and general depression, slowly and gradually overwhelmed the farmers, and ruin stared them in the face. The unprecedented rapid development of the American railroads, the opening-up of the Western prairies for farming, and the throwing of immense quantities of American wheat upon the English markets, steadily and surely undermined the support of the Danish farmers, until "the bottom was out."

It was evident that this ruinous condition could not be changed except by some radical departure from the beaten track in which the farmers had been moving with no thought of the possibility of diverging. The flood of Western wheat upon the English market could not be checked. On the contrary, more land would be opened for cultivation on the American plains, new machinery applied to cheapen its production, and new railroads engaged in bringing it into competition with European products. What could be done to stay the march towards complete ruin? To be sure, wheat was not the only product of the Danish farms. Mixed farming had always been practised. Barley for malt was grown and exported to some extent. The culture of sugar beets and the manufacture of sugar had been introduced, and promised some relief for the sections surrounding the factories. Dairying was quite an item in the list of farming pursuits, and much had been done to improve the butter, so that already in the seventies Danish butter had acquired a high reputation in the English market. "Creameries also had aided in furnishing a steady outlet for milk all the year round. But all these smaller industries were by-products, and the ordinary farm could not be run on them. There must be some mainstay, and this had always been wheat." I am quoting from Mr. Meriwether's description of the condition in Maryland today, and I might quote indefinitely from that article in describing the state of affairs in Denmark fifteen or twenty years ago.

It was seen that products of greater intrinsic value must be the aim. The cheap grain must be refined into more remunerative articles, and such goods must be produced as could not so well stand the transportation from across the Atlantic, yet which would not be injured by the two or three days' journey to England. Such an article was *butter*. To the production of first-class butter for the London market all energies were therefore bent, and the result was remarkable. In ten years all export of wheat had ceased. The former "mainstay" dropped out of consideration altogether, but the export of butter was doubled and trebled. Not only is nearly everything produced on the farms now fed to the cows, but oil-cake, bran, and other concentrated feeds are imported in large quantities. Cotton-seed meal and corn from this country find a ready market over there. Denmark is dotted with nicely built, well-managed creameries. The farmer receives his main profit from the milk. Danish butter is known the world over; it is delivered less than a week old in London, and as yet it competes easily with American and Australian butter, which must necessarily be at least a month old before reaching the consumer.

How this change was accomplished in so short a time and under the adverse circumstances prevailing is like a fairy tale. The farmers were nearly ruined, land had dropped one-half in value, and nobody had money or credit. Yet a thousand finely built creameries sprang up like mushrooms, owned by the farmers themselves, and literally saved the country. The secret of this remarkable performance is coöperation. Never was there a grander exhibition of the old saying, In unity is strength. The farmers would club together, each promising the milk from a certain number of cows, borrow the money, mostly from the savings banks, insurance companies, mutual-loan establishments, etc., put up the creameries in a substantial style, and engage experts to run the business. In a few years they would be able to pay off the loan if required; but usually the mortgagees considered these investments safe and profitable. The success of these coöperative creameries ("Andels-Mejerier") was the incentive to the establishment of other agricultural industries on the coöperative plan. Packing-houses, owned by the farmers, killing thousands of hogs, are already quite numerous. The beet-sugar factories now supply the whole country with sugar, and that with an internal revenue on sugar equal to the import duty. Coöperative canning factories are also being built, and agricultural industries generally are flourishing. More attention is paid to truck-farming; and until the McKinley tariff closed the American market, eggs and cabbage were even exported to the United States in no small quantities.

The opening-up of the prairie lands in Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, the Dakotas, and British Columbia first made itself felt in Europe, taking the bottom out of the mainstay of the countries supplying the all-absorbing industrial England with agricultural products, and later undermined the support of the farmers of our Eastern States. But the energetic Western farmers did not stop at wheat: Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota now produce enormous quantities of butter and cheese. And where do these products go? To Chicago, of course, and to New York, Philadelphia, *Baltimore*, Washington, and Richmond. In these cities Elgin creamery butter leads the market. Why is it that the consumer in Baltimore wanting good butter on his table should be left to buy Western butter instead of delicious Maryland butter fresh from the farm or from the creamery? What is the reason for the fact that public opinion in the city of Washington is outraged by a scandalously poor supply of milk? Why should the Four Hundred in Washington pay 40 to 60 cents a pound for butter from Pennsylvania creameries, when the finest butter might be produced right outside the suburbs at 30 cents at far larger profit than there has been in wheat for years past, and when Frederick County might supply it fresh on the table of the epicure every morning?

Go to New England, if not to Denmark, and see what has been accomplished by the coöperation of dairymen, and how to build and manage creameries. Agitate the question at your Grange meetings. At the county fairs devote a little less interest to trotting and racing and more to the cattle. Start bull associations, enabling farmers of limited means to breed the best of stock. Go to Philadelphia and see how the Farmers' Creamery Company disposes of a hundred thousand pounds of milk a day at an exceedingly remunerative net price to the farmers, and how the Meadow Farms Dairy Company furnishes sanitary milk. Go to Wisconsin and see the magnificent dairy school at Madison, visited by hundreds of interested students. Our friends the Populists are not slow in making demands upon the Government. They want millions for public elevators and advances on grain, billions for the purchase of railroads, a million for the extinction of the Russian thistle, etc. Stand by your sound principles, and say to your Legislature: "We do not want assistance in or interference with our private business, but we do want *education*. We demand of our State Government the establishment of a first-class dairy school. We want the best teachers for our boys and our girls. We want authoritative and reliable dairy instructors, to whom we may apply for advice as to the establishment of coöperative creameries, men of absolute integrity and with practical knowledge. If such men are not available, make haste and educate some intelligent young men with that end in view. Having learned what they can of dairying in this country, let them go abroad and study the manufacture of cheese in France and of butter in Denmark. Give us specialists in each branch. Let them lecture at our meetings and advise us generally." A hundred thousand dollars judiciously spent for such purposes would be trifling considering the good it might do. And this is a legitimate demand on a Government of the people and for the people. Maryland boasts of its "Farmer-Governor." Ask him to help you in this reasonable demand. Educate yourselves and your children, and let the Government give you the facilities.

J. D. Frederiksen.

Little Falls, N. Y., October 23, 1894.

Notes.

Harper & Bros. will publish in November an illustrated volume on 'Four American Universities, viz.: Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia,' by Profs. Charles Eliot Norton, A. T. Hadley, W. M. Sloane, and Brander Matthews, all graduates of, as well as instructors in, the institutions about which they write—all except Prof. Sloane of Princeton, who is an alumnus of Columbia. About the same time the Macmillans will publish Prof. E. D. Perry's translation of Prof. Paulsen's admirable account of the German universities, for which Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler has written an introduction, contrasting the German and the American universities.

Henry Holt & Co. will issue shortly a story of New York life, 'The Honorable Peter Stirling, and What People Thought of Him,' by Paul Leicester Ford; and 'The Indiscretion of the Duchess,' by Anthony Hope.

Macmillan will publish in connection with A. & C. Black a new 'Survey of London' for the area covered by the jurisdiction of the London County Council—say twelve by seventeen miles. The "editor, director, and the principal writer of the work" will be Mr. Walter Besant, who will imitate Stowe and Strype to the extent of a "Perambulation" taking account of every important building, institution, company, church, hospital, college, almshouse, museum, library, etc. Eight quarto volumes are contemplated, fully illustrated. From Macmillan we are to have, besides, 'The Life of the Czar,' by Charles Low; 'Law in a Free State,' political essays by Wordsworth Donisthorpe; 'Mr. Lowell in England,' a series of familiar letters edited by George W. Smalley; and 'The Book of the Rose,' by the Rev. A. Foster Melliar, rector of Sproughton in Suffolk, England.

Roberts Bros., Boston, will publish November 10 two volumes of Emily Dickinson's Letters, edited by Mrs. David P. Todd of Amherst. They comprise all the prose Emily Dickinson is known to have written, and

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among the well-known persons to whom they are addressed are Col. Higginson, Dr. J. G. Holland, Helen Hunt, Samuel Bowles, and others. The popularity of Miss Dickinson's Poems, of which two volumes have so far been published, the first in 1890 and the second in 1891, has been remarkable, more than 12,000 copies having been sold.

Among holiday reprints of familiar classics that have so far reached our table, the Messrs. Putnam's "Van Tassel" edition of Irving's 'Sketch Book' easily holds the first place. It is, of course, in line with their very sumptuous Irving series, from year to year, and it seems to us not inferior to any—to the "Van Twiller," the "Agapida," or the "Darro." Holly, ivy, and other vines and berries in green and red furnish a change of borders for the very clear and evenly impressed text. The binding, of white and gold and green, is tastefully designed. The illustrations are, as usual, photogravures, but Darley's outlines were wisely retained for the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and for "Rip Van Winkle," though in the latter case intermingled with portraits of the actor Jefferson—which, again, was almost inevitable. The total result is a charming gift book. Maurice Leloir's designs are what lend distinction to the 'Paul and Virginia' brought out by Messrs. Appleton. They have a true decorative quality in perfect harmony with the letterpress, which cannot be said of the work of most illustrators, while their fancy and their draughtsmanship are out of the common. The binding is also to be praised.

What should a 'Yellow Fairy-Book' be doing without a Chinese tale in it? Mr. Andrew Lang's latest collection (Longmans) is saved by one example, but there is the usual heterogeneity—Russia, Poland, Greece, Denmark, France, aboriginal America, all furnishing a material part of the contents. Mr. Lang successfully contends in his preface against Mr. Laurence Gomme for the propriety of mixing folk-lore and the deliberate inventions of our latter-day fabulists; but why should he name the sources of some of his stories and not of others; and why acknowledge "The Emperor's New Clothes" to be Andersen's and say nothing about the authorship of "The Steadfast Tin Soldier"? Mr. Ford's pictures are graceful and effective. The colored series seems to be closed with this volume.

We have received the third portly volume of Mr. Larned's 'History for Ready Reference and Topical Reading,' extending from *Greece* to *Nibelungen Lied* (Springfield, Mass.: Nichols). As the work progresses, our admiration increases for the thoroughness and wide reading of the editor. There are few omissions worth noticing. It may be remarked, however, that the reader who had only this work to refer to would remain ignorant that "Liturgy" had any other than its old Greek sense. The only notable weakness in arrangement would seem to be in the biographies. "Duff" Green is here, but not Green the historian. We have looked in vain for Sir Thomas Gresham; perhaps he lies buried somewhere in the "Money" article. Hobbes is absent, and Locke appears only as the author of a colonial constitution. And Lord Mansfield has to be dug out in fragments from the article on "Law." These are omissions that perhaps an index will correct; and they will not seriously impair the usefulness of the book to those who are likely to profit by it. Most of its readers will also probably not quarrel with its rather old-fashioned estimate of the relative importance of the several topics.

One of the best volumes we have seen of the "Stories of the Nations" series is that on 'Venice,' by Mme. Alethea Wiel (G. P. Putnam's Sons). So far as we have observed, the story is in the main well told, due emphasis being laid on the really important crises in the career of the Venetian Republic, and an attempt being made to interweave information about the art, literature, and customs of the Venetians. Mme. Wiel's style is fluent, although she has the trick of always giving *two* nouns, or *two* verbs, or *two* adjectives, which she may have caught from the Book of Common Prayer. Occasionally her idioms—"in regard *of*," for example—suggest the foreigner, and she uses *dukedom* as if it were equivalent to *reign*. To our ears, "During the dukedom of Tiepolo" sounds as odd as "During the kingdom of Queen Victoria" would sound. Many process illustrations add to the attractiveness of the book.

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop's 'Six Months in the Sandwich Islands' (Putnams) is reprinted from the fifth English edition. It is one of the liveliest of the many books about Hawaii. The author was in the Islands from January to July, 1873, and saw the country under especially favorable conditions, not the least of which was her own energetic and receptive temperament. She observed much, and described clearly what she saw. The grandeur of Kilauea, the beauty of Hilo and Kauai, the geniality of the people, the charm of the best tropical climate in the world—all these things are set forth very vividly. The reprint follows the original even too faithfully, as a few errors have been reproduced which might have been eliminated here by any one familiar with the Islands. These slight defects, however, are more than atoned for by the illustrations, twenty in number, which the American publishers have added, mostly from photographs of recent date, and which increase the attractiveness of the most attractive volume of Hawaiian travels of its period.

'Studies of Nature on the Coast of Arran' (Longmans), is the title of a sailing and strolling narrative by George Milner, author of 'Country Pleasures' fifteen years ago. It is entertaining gossip of places and people by a sympathetic writer; it is easy reading; but the title is misleading, and one who takes up the book in the expectation of finding a real understanding of the nature of the coast of Arran will be disappointed. Such phrases as "nature's workshop" and the "uncontrollable forces of nature" occur here and there, but their context justifies the term "unpretentious notes" which the author applies to his book in the preface.

'Outlines of How to Study Geography' (Appletons), by Col. F. D. Parker of the Cook County (Chicago) Normal School, is an aid to the use of the author's larger book on this subject. It is of value in setting forth the expansive relations of geography with other subjects, but it seems defective in the treatment of geography itself. While recognizing the fundamental importance of the physical aspects of geography and the necessity of field study, Col. Parker does not appear to have carried his own field studies far enough. The illustrations, prepared by assistants in the Normal School, are effectively drawn pictures of unnatural land forms, based on untrained imagination rather than on observation.

We do not, as a rule, notice texts published for the use of schools and colleges, but the 'Extraits Choisis des Œuvres de Paul Bourget,' edited by Prof. van Daell (Boston: Ginn & Co.) merits attention on account of the "Lettre autobiographique" prefixed to the extracts, in which M. Bourget himself tells of himself, his mode of thought, and his method of work.

The second volume of M. Brunetière's 'Évolution de la Poésie lyrique en France' (Paris: Hachette) is published. It comprises the lectures on Vigny, "the one and only thinker in the Romantic school," Théophile Gautier, Hugo, the renascence of naturalism, Leconte de Lisle, Hérédia, Sully-Prudhomme, Coppée, and the Symbolists, with a closing lecture on the future of poetry in France and some considerations on the method used by the author. Like the lectures contained in the first volume, these have been retouched here and there, but are substantially as delivered. And how instructive, stimulating to thought, and interesting they are need not be told to any one who knows Brunetière's work.

'Guizot,' by M. A. Bardoux, is the latest volume in the series of "Les Grands Écrivains Français" published by Hachette. M. Bardoux succeeds not only in describing his subject tersely and clearly, but also in making him interesting. The peculiarity of Guizot's character, a certain hardness and stiffness, is brought out, but all that is noble about the man receives due recognition. Guizot is looked at from six different points of view in this short study, and each is well chosen. The volume is one of the best in the series.

Two books on the modern English novel have recently been published, one of British authorship and one of American; a bulkier one now comes to us from Paris, 'Le Roman en France depuis 1610 jusqu'à nos jours,' by M. Paul Morillot (Paris: G. Masson; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer). The French author has worked also on a larger scale: he gives not merely biographical details of the novelists with critical comments, but also well-chosen extracts from the novels themselves. He begins with 'Astrée' and 'Le Roman Comique' and the 'Princesse de Clèves,' and ends with "Pierre Loti" and Maupassant, with Jean Richepin, Anatole France, Daudet, and Bourget. His manual is likely to be useful; and especially handy is the chronological table of French fiction from 1610 to 1870.

Apropos of a monument just set up at Toucy to Pierre Larousse, author of the 'Grand Dictionnaire,' a writer in the Paris *Débats* remarks that, in spite of the convenience of this cyclopædic work, it cannot avert the caution applicable to its class: "Distrust of them is the beginning of wisdom." An amusing example of this we lately chanced upon in Larousse, in a long American biography, of which the subject was said to have been born—in the wrong year—at "Inouë, Missouri"; this impossible place standing for Newburyport, Mass. For the rest, the notice was a consummate specimen of ignorant, second-hand hackwork.

The *Portfolio* monograph for October affords another instance of the recent revival of interest in one of the most beautiful of the minor arts. It is on "Bookbindings in France." The writer, Mr. William Y. Fletcher, shows a thorough appreciation of the reasons why bookbinding has flourished more in France than elsewhere. He follows the best authorities in the main, but he has investigated for himself. He believes that Florimond Badier was not *Le Gascon* himself, but rather one of his imitators. Especially praiseworthy are the colored illustrations which accompany Mr. Fletcher's text; they are well chosen and well reproduced, and the ample page of the *Portfolio* has permitted many of them to be reproduced full

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size. The process cuts scattered through the letterpress are inferior, yet not really bad, and they have been selected with taste. It is to be hoped that the *Portfolio* will give us also monographs on British and on German bookbindings, disregarding the designs which are mere copies from the great French masters, and illustrating the work which is really characteristic of the artists of Great Britain and Germany.

The *Guardian* of September 12 publishes some interesting tables giving the results of this year's Oxford and Cambridge University examinations for certificates. As compared with last year, an increase in the number of candidates shows the growing popularity of the scheme, though a few large schools still stand aloof. Of the seventeen subjects included in the examination papers, the largest number of boys offered elementary mathematics, Scripture knowledge, Latin, history, French, and Greek. The order differs from that of last year, Latin (which was then in the second place) having lost heavily, and Greek slightly, while history and French have gained decidedly. It is interesting to note, as a sign of the conservatism of secondary education in England, that still not a tenth part of the scholars offer any one of the natural sciences. Distinctions in six subjects were gained by two boys. The candidates for "commercial certificates," for some unexplained cause, possibly a lack of value in obtaining situations, have fallen off from forty-four in 1891 to twenty-one the present year, and there is reason to fear that this part of the scheme will have to be abandoned. The number of girls who were offered was slightly larger than last year.

According to Ascherson's 'Universitäts Kalender,' 28,418 matriculated students were pursuing their studies in the twenty universities of the German Empire, the Academy at Münster, and the Lyceum Hosianum at Braunsberg, during the summer semester of 1894. Of these 8,684 were studying medicine, 7,776 law, cameralistics, and forestry, 3,336 Protestant theology, 1,469 Catholic theology, while the remaining 6,153 belonged to the philosophical department. As regards numbers, Berlin ranked first, with 4,625, Munich second, with 3,744, and Leipzig third, with 2,764. Then followed Bonn (1,634), Halle (1,528), Freiburg (1,477), Würzburg (1,292), Breslau (1,280), Tübingen (1,210), Heidelberg (1,206), Strassburg (913), Marburg (866), Greifswald (824), Erlangen (792), Göttingen (786), Königsberg (712), Jena (674), Kiel (610), Giessen (576), Rostock (436), Münster (426), and Braunsberg (43). We may add that the two institutions last mentioned can hardly be called universities, inasmuch as they have each only two faculties: Catholic theology and philosophy.

Since the University of Brussels in 1889 raised the conditions of admission to matriculation there has been a gradual diminution of the number of female students in attendance. In 1889 there were 40, in 1890 33, in 1891 21, in 1892 27, and in 1893 20, of whom thirteen were studying pharmacy, three medicine, and four philosophy in the academical sense of the term, including philology and literature. That there were no female students of law is probably due to the fact that women are not permitted to practise this profession in Belgium. The present state of things shows clearly the necessity of establishing better preparatory schools for girls.

It is gradually ceasing to be uncommon to see the names of women as contributors to science. Recent Proceedings of the Berlin Academy of Sciences (the most distinguished scientific body in the world), the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Royal Society, not to speak of the scientific journals, all contain contributions from women.

—No. 6 of the Radcliffe College Monographs, entitled 'A Classified List of Printed Original Materials for English Manorial and Agrarian History during the Middle Ages,' is by Frances Gardiner Davenport, A.B. The primary aim of the compiler is to include in the list documents printed in full or in large fragments; it also contains lists of maps and of text books of manorial law. Miss Davenport labored under the disadvantage of not having access to the large libraries of England, but the collections of manorial material in Boston and Cambridge are fairly rich, and her book will certainly be found very valuable by investigators in England as well as in America. Students in this and other branches of English history have long felt the need of such bibliographical works. With all due allowance for omissions, it may be said that Miss Davenport's survey comprehends the cream of the printed material relating to manorial development, arranged in convenient form for ready reference; the gaps in the lists will not greatly impair their utility. The value of the Bibliography on pages 1–13 would have been enhanced if the author had extended it beyond the titles cited in the body of the work—*i. e.*, if she had included in it all the more important modern books relating to the history of particular manors; but it would be difficult to do this without having access to the British Museum and other foreign libraries. Miss Davenport is to be commended for the thoroughness and scholarly discrimination with which she has performed her task; the book reflects much credit upon her, upon the editor, Prof. W. J. Ashley, and upon Radcliffe College.

—The *Pedagogical Seminary* for October—the first number since December, 1893—is devoted almost entirely to child-study. Excellent examples of contrasting methods of study are to be found in Miss E. M. Haskell's "Imitation in Children," and Miss M. E. Schallenberger's "Study of Children's Rights as Seen by Themselves." Miss Haskell, working with Principal Russell at Worcester, Mass., gets her data from observations of children's acts taken at random and classified afterwards. Her facts point to a development from purely reflex imitation to impersonation, with growing regard to accessories and consistency; but what they indicate most unmistakably is the danger of drawing too definite conclusions. Miss Schallenberger, working with Earl Barnes in California, got answers from 3,000 children to a single skilfully disguised question. From these it appears that young children disregard motives and think they have a right to revenge when an act is hurtful; that boys are less merciful than girls; that the idea of restitution is common to all ages, and that threats and forced promises do not impress children. This method of questioning rather than observing has many limitations. J. A. Hancock's "Preliminary Study of Motor Ability" records a good deal of careful experimental work, confirming the doctrine of nascent periods of functional development, and emphasizing the importance of beginning to train each nervous centre at exactly the right time. In "Education by Plays and Games," G. E. Johnson suggests how this may be done. He gives a list of 440 games, and indicates briefly the muscles or mental faculties each exercises most. Children themselves choose games suited to their stage of development, but, as they do not invent, they should be taught the best. These are given in a classified "Course of Games," corresponding somewhat to those now prescribed in some Austrian schools. It is difficult to see why so many good articles should have been crowded into fine print to make room for A. H. Yoder's "Boyhood of Great Men."

—The *Nation* loses a valued contributor, and the Bureau of Ethnology one of its chief ornaments, by the death, on October 24, of Lt.-Col. Garrick Mallery, U.S.A., in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He was born in Pennsylvania, descended from well-known Revolutionary families, was a graduate of Yale College in 1850, and a lawyer by profession when the civil war drew him into the ranks as a volunteer from his native State. His conspicuous bravery (which cost him wounds and confinement in Libby Prison) entitled him on retiring to the brevet rank above named. Our Indian troubles were the cause of his devoting himself in the end to the most intelligent and indefatigable researches into the sign and gesture language of the aborigines, and his sudden death followed by only a few months the conclusion of his monumental work on the subject, which is to be found in the current annual report of his Bureau and has been printed separately to a limited extent. "It now appears," he wrote to us last June, "in as completed a shape as is possible with constantly increasing information." But we shall speak of it at length hereafter. Personally Col. Mallery was a man of high tone, combined with the most amiable and courteous disposition and a fine presence. He did honor to the service and to science, and will be missed from the membership of a large number of learned societies.

—The antique custom of hair-cropping, with its various symbolic meanings, once existed all over Europe and Western Asia. When prisoners of war were allowed to live after the battle, instead of being massacred wholesale by the conqueror, they cut off their locks and tendered them to the victor as a sign of complete surrender of their bodies. Among the ancient Germans a free man could by the use of this symbol transfer himself, if not his family also, into another's servitude, and this was even customary in case of insolvency. With a portion of the Western Germans, the Franks, the offer of one's locks passed for a token of homage and respect. Placing one's self under the protection of a superior or ruler was attended by the same symbolic act, even in early times, and not alone in a secular relation. In the Greek Catholic Church especially many neophytes sought, by submitting to be clipped, the good graces of the ecclesiastical superiors. It became a part of the baptismal rite, and the godfather was in certain districts (inhabited by Southern Slavs, Bulgarians, etc.) called the "shorn-hair sponsor." This is the signification of the queer-sounding German term "Haarschurgodschaft" actually in use among southern European nations, for which the equivalent "Haarschurgevatterschaft" is sometimes substituted. As Dr. Friedrich S. Krauss has lately shown in an elaborate treatise on this specialty ("Haarschurgodschaft bei den Südslaven"; Leyden: E. J. Brill), another influence was helpful in perpetuating the traces of that custom among the Slavs, viz., the system of "brotherhoods" or clanships (*bratstvo*). From this point of view the custom was in-

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tended to bind the neophyte for life to the clan to which he belonged. Its most important historical document transmitted from the earlier centuries is a *guslar*, or troubadour song, about four hundred years old, in Slavic rhyme, celebrating the warlike deeds of Gruyos Novakovitch. Krauss prints it *in extenso*, and with the German metric translation it fills seventeen quarto pages, or one-half of the whole memoir, which constitutes a portion of vol. vii. of Schmeltz's *Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie*.

A PHILANTHROPIC AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Life of Frances Power Cobbe. By Herself. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

Miss Cobbe's life has been a useful, interesting, and important one, and she has told the story of it better, on the whole, than any other biographer could do it. Those who have read her books most faithfully for forty years will enjoy her story most, because they can pass trippingly over the chapters which contain abstracts of those books that do them little justice, especially in the case of the more serious. Where she takes off the cream of a book of Eastern travel, it is, of course, another thing. The manner of Miss Cobbe in these volumes is without any egotism or vanity, but not without some self-assertion and a great deal of self-respect. Yet there are points at which another's hand would give a different and much more favorable impression. No one who did not share in the enthusiasm excited by her 'Intuitive Morals,' her first book and her *opus magnum* (1855), would get much notion of it from her account, and one would also like a view of her anti-vivisection labors and sorrows from the outside. These give the autobiography at last a strenuous tone in vivid contrast with its earlier pleasantness and charm.

Miss Cobbe was born in Dublin December 4, 1822, a late comer, an unwelcome child. She considered herself well born, inheriting a physical frame "which, however defective, even to the verge of grotesqueness, from the æsthetic point of view," has been to her, as regards health and energy, a source of endless enjoyment. To the fact that she came of a good family in the conventional sense she is not indifferent. Her father's progenitors were for many generations the owners of Lord Ashburton's beautiful "Grange" in Hampshire. The family got its Irish residence when, early in the eighteenth century, Charles Cobbe was made Archbishop of Dublin and built himself a noble house on the rocky coast of Portrane, twelve miles from his cathedral. Here, at Newbridge, Miss Cobbe spent her life for the most part until her father's death in 1857. Of this beautiful home she writes delightfully, and very brightly and amusingly about her ancestors, with many good stories of their personal characteristics and the manners of their times. Her father's extreme sobriety as a young man gave great offence to his grandfather, who seldom went to bed sober. But it was the grandfather who lived to a fine old age, and the grandson who perished miserably with the gout. The latter was a man of stern theology and violent temper, and his daughter's utmost consideration does not make him attractive; while her mother, who soon became reconciled to her existence, moves through the earlier chapters of the book as a gracious, even exquisite, apparition. The father fought with Wellington in India, and by that sign Miss Cobbe is under bonds, however she may deprecate "carving the living hound," as Tennyson would say, to make no objections to carving the living man by thousands on the field of battle, and has even a good word for that kind of business. The house was rich in pictures by great artists, among them a fine Hobbema and a Poussin, which were sold to build eighty good stone and slate cottages—one of many indications that Mr. Cobbe was a landlord of uncommon virtue, especially as not a farthing was added to the peasants' rents.

Miss Cobbe's account of her childhood, with its succession of nurses, governesses, holidays, and journeys to London and Bath, abounds in good matter. So does that of her school life. She brings a terrible indictment for superficiality and formality against the famous Brighton finishing schools of 1836, of which there were not less than a hundred in the town. Her "extras" amounted to £1,000 for two years' schooling at the most elegant of these establishments. The moral tone is revealed by the assurance of a teacher that she would "almost rather" find a pupil deficient in her music than guilty of lying. It was only with the conclusion of this course of training that Miss Cobbe began to love her books and take to serious studies. Then her intellectual progress was remarkable, but it did not leave her accomplishments as a housekeeper so much as an inch behind. It is probably because literary women are supposed to be deficient as housekeepers that Miss Cobbe is at some pains, or at some pleasure, to let us know that her housekeeping is the best part of her. She was sole housekeeper at Newbridge from 1837 until 1857, and the establishment was a liberal one, much given to hospitality. She tells with great satisfaction the story of a lady who objected to her studies, that she thought it was "the duty of a lady to attend to her house," and who a little later proceeded to show her a dessert service which had cost £800, and, behold, the remains of the dessert of the previous summer were rotting on the plates! Miss Cobbe, with a double meaning, confessed that they had nothing like it at Newbridge, but some fine Indian and Worcester services, adding, "Do you know, I always take up all the plates and dishes myself when they have been washed after a party, and put them on their proper shelves with my own hands, though I do know a little Greek and geometry."

Miss Cobbe's early religious experience forms the subject of her fourth chapter. Always deeply religious, she kept the evangelical way without question until she was fifteen years old. Then doubts began to rise, and for four years she had great mental suffering, while at the same time she found herself running down morally, getting irritable and selfish. At length she lost all faith, and then came a brave reaction, when she said to herself that if there was no future life, she would deserve her own self-respect, and if there was a God, she would win his approval. She found helpful books—the Life of Blanco White, and F. W. Newman's 'The Soul: Its Sorrows and its Aspirations,' and, best of all, Theodore Parker's 'Discourse of Matters pertaining to Religion,' and gradually passed from agnosticism to deism, and finally attained to that theism which is her present happy faith. It is emphatically Christian theism, theism with the most liberal recognition of the historic function of Christianity and the importance of Jesus's life and teachings, with the warmest admiration for his personality. In later years she found her religious home in Dr. Martineau's society, his thought being every whit as radical as her own. It would be difficult to find a Christian of any sect with a more perfect faith than hers in God or immortality, or a more spontaneous enthusiasm for the founder of Christianity. But to her father her "infidelity" was horrible, and he felt obliged "to keep the plague of such opinions from his house" by sending her away. At the end of a year she returned, but between father and daughter there was a great gulf fixed for the remainder of his days. Her treatment of this matter is very delicate. She has only pity for his sorrow; not a word of blame. In his simplicity he advised her not to leave the proof-sheets of her 'Intuitive Morals' lying round where any one might read them. But not long before his death he asked her to read something of her own, not knowing it to be hers; and when she did so, he expressed much pleasure, and she was not ungrateful for so much of healing balm.

There are two chapters on "Ireland in the Thirties and Forties," the first dealing with the peasantry and the second with the gentry, that are quite as interesting as any in the book. The point of view is that of the English Tory. Miss Cobbe is quite as English in her sympathies, her prejudices, and her antipathies as if her family had never taken up an Irish residence. She tells us that, when she had been a long time in London society, no one of her group suspected her Irish birth and breeding. She was proud of this, as she could not have been if Ireland had ever cast a spell upon her heart. But she is too humane to tolerate absenteeism and its attendant vices, of which she draws a fearful picture, gathering the details from an estate close by her father's which was shamefully mismanaged. Some of her incidents of suffering and devotion are deeply affecting. But in landlord or peasant her distrust of Irish character is profound. She does not intrude her politics, but they are those of the Primrose League, to which she belongs. The ill returns her father got for his endeavors to amelioriate the condition of the people perhaps bias her opinions. She admits, however, that Irish disestablishment has worked to the advantage of all concerned. Her narrative covers the miseries of the famine and the fever and Smith O'Brien's rebellion. Concerning the customs and habits of the gentry it gives many amusing particulars. Fancy Archbishop Whately swinging "in chains"! But they were those between the posts of his palace-yard, on which he loved to sit and sway backward and forward while he smoked his morning cigar. Fanny Kemble was a devoted friend of Miss Cobbe, who has volumes of her unpublished correspondence; but their first meeting at Newbridge was unfortunate. Miss Kemble was much miffed, and would eat only a potato, because she fancied that a large company had been invited to see her; and that the rooms had been decorated for the occasion, whereas it turned out that the company was made up from the household, and that the decorations were the flowers that Fanny Cobbe loved and would always have about her.

On the death of her father in 1857, Miss Cobbe left Newbridge for ever, except as she returned for an occasional visit. She has not a word to say against the injustice which gave her eldest brother the estate and herself a patrimony of £200. Her brother added a small allowance. She was a good economist and was never uncomfortably poor, and before long she began to work for a living as a journalist and writer of books and articles. She travelled eleven months in southern Europe and the East for £400. She trusted herself to the heart of

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Cheops' Pyramid and to the ruins of Baalbec with a solitary Arab guide. The most striking incidents of her journey are grouped in an effective manner.

After her long journey, the next phase of Miss Cobbe's life was that of teaching in ragged schools and reforming the treatment of the sick in workhouses. The first brought her into connection with Mary Carpenter, of whose striking and amusing individuality she gives a humorously tender sketch. Miss Carpenter's unselfishness and devotion could tolerate idleness and Falstaffian ease in neither man nor beast, and she cried out upon Miss Cobbe's splendid Pomeranian, luxuriating on the rug before the fire, "Self-indulgent dog!" Miss Cobbe's labors for the sick in workhouses were that part of her philanthropy on which she can look back with the happiest assurance of beneficent accomplishment. Her relations with Prof. Jowett, during her Bristol life, were most cordial. He writes of Theodore Parker as "a hero" and as "a religious Titan." He does not sympathize with Miss Cobbe's doubts about political economy. "I am always afraid of it being partially supplanted by humanity on the small scale which relieves one-sixth of the poor whom we see, and pauperizes the mind of five-sixths whom we don't see."

Miss Cobbe made six visits to Italy, which call for a chapter by themselves. Their great event was her meeting with Theodore Parker, whom she revered so much, in his last sickness. It was to her he spoke those words of proud humility: "I have had great powers committed to me; I have but half used them." No one seems to have taken the trouble to send her a picture of Parker's new monument in Florence designed by his friend Story, and she does not even know that it exists. Her saying that Parker's name is scarcely known to the younger generation is certainly not true in America. She saw much of the Brownings, and brings fresh testimony to Robert's passionate intolerance of spirit-rappings. She relates that on one occasion she heard him storming half a mile away. But for pleasant gossip of distinguished people the chapters on "London in the Sixties and Seventies"—four of them—easily take the lead. In the second she describes her journalism and the people with whom it brought her in contact, her more purely literary work being treated in the first. The kindliness of her social judgments is in striking contrast with those of Harriet Martineau, except when she is carried away by her anti-vivisection zeal, which has alienated her from many of her dearest friends. With Darwin her relations were delightful until he too disappointed her expectations in the vivisection matter. She bears witness to his tenderness for animals, and it was quite equal to her own. Among her great allies in the anti-vivisection movement were Cardinal Manning and Lord Shaftesbury. She could not help seeing them in the rosy light of her appreciation of their special service to her cause. The Pope did not think that men had any duties to animals. Of course Manning couldn't differ from the Pope, whom his "insolent faction" had declared infallible; but he got round him by saying that we have duties to God, and so indirectly to all his creatures.

Two of the fullest chapters are those entitled "The Claims of Women" and "The Claims of Brutes." The latter we have largely anticipated; the former has much admirable discussion of the inabilities of women in home and business affairs, in addition to its plea for the extension of the suffrage.

SKEAT'S CHAUCER.—II.

The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited from numerous manuscripts, by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, Litt.D., LL.D., etc. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 1894. Vols. I.-IV.

VOLUME II. contains the Boethius and the 'Troilus.' Chaucer's translation of Boethius's 'De Consolatione Philosophiae,' though a work of considerable interest and importance, has never before been adequately edited. Mr. Skeat has taken much pains with his text, which is based on the Cambridge MS. (already diplomatically printed by Dr. Furnivall) with collation of the Additional MS., the texts of Caxton and Thynne, and the Latin original. In correcting the spelling, which is not good even in the best MSS., he has been conservative, but the changes adopted make the treatise more readable and are philologically sound.

In editing the 'Troilus,' Mr. Skeat was essaying a task far more attractive, but at the same time much more difficult. This long poem—one of the most beautiful in the language—had been often printed, but never, in any just sense of the word, edited. The text was in a bad state, and few notes of any consequence had ever been written. Mr. Skeat had no previous work of his own to use. Hence the edition before us is in every way new, and therefore claims a rather careful scrutiny.

The text deserves high praise. It is founded on two manuscripts, the Campsall and the Corpus, in selecting which Mr. Skeat has shown his usual sagacity. Campsall was edited by Dr. Furnivall for the Chaucer Society some years ago, and has ever since been regarded as the best manuscript known. The excellence of Corpus is Mr. Skeat's recent discovery. Taken together, these two manuscripts, with a minimum of conjectural mending, almost suffice for the restoration of what Chaucer wrote. By collating the other manuscripts printed by the Chaucer Society, together with Thynne's printed copy, Mr. Skeat has corrected most of the errors of Corpus and Campsall without resorting to emendation. These processes give us a readable and pretty trustworthy text. A glance at any previous edition — Morris's, for example — will show the extent of the improvement. A host of verses hitherto ungrammatical, unmetrical, or unintelligible, are reduced to order.

Still, good as it is, we cannot regard the text as final, for it does not rest on thorough classification of the manuscripts and thorough collation of those best entitled to credit. The John's MS., for example, seems to have been only superficially examined by the editor, who does not even attempt to refer it to its proper group. Yet it is apparently a far more valuable copy than the Cambridge MS., which Mr. Skeat takes as a type of the second family. Occasionally, too, the text is somewhat capriciously treated. The most curious example we have noted is in book i, v. 498. Here Corpus, Campsall, and Harleian, the best manuscripts of the first group, and John's, the best manuscript of the second group, agree in reading: "But thanne *felte* (or *felt*) this Troilus such wo"; Cambridge, an inferior manuscript of the second group, reads *fel to* for *felte*. To our great surprise Mr. Skeat rejects *felte* in favor of *fel to*, thus, as a glance at John's would have shown him, setting up an aberration of one rather poor copy against an unassailable consensus. This illustrates the value of John's. It also illustrates the risk of not systematically consulting the Italian original, for Boccaccio's line settles all controversy: "Di quinci *sentia* Troilo tal dolore."

There are many other instances in which we are forced to dissent from Mr. Skeat's readings on one or another ground.* From his punctuation we dissent even more frequently. As our readers are aware, one of the responsibilities of an editor of Chaucer is to punctuate the text. The 'Troilus' has suffered much in this regard. Line after line has had its sense or rhythm thwarted by careless pointing. Mr. Skeat has improved this matter to a considerable extent, but we cannot always rest content with the sense which his commas and periods afford. We do not refer to theoretical minutiæ, but to cases in which his pointing disturbs the thought. In a number of verses the Italian furnishes the necessary correction; in others, close attention to the context; in a few, idiom or usage. A single illustration must suffice. In iii, 1356-7 Mr. Skeat prints:

> "Though ther be mercy written in your chere,
> God wot, the text ful hard is, sooth, to finde."

The commas after *is* and *sooth* destroy the sense. *Sooth* is not the adverb, but a predicate adjective. It is not hard to discover the text "mercy" in her face, but it *is* hard to find the text "sooth" (truth, or true), for she is, in her acts, not merciful at all.

The Introduction to the 'Troilus' is not quite worthy of Mr. Skeat. We do not mean that it is not learned, interesting, and at all points pertinent; we refer to the loose way in which it is put together. So striking is this sign of haste that one is almost beguiled into thinking that the editor sent his rough draft to press by mistake, and then let the error go as not worth rectifying. We have great respect for Mr. Skeat's rough drafts—indeed, we prefer them to some people's fair copies; but we venture to suggest that his *ultima manus* is still better, and that the dignity of the occasion called for that. This lack of revision is perhaps most deplorable in the sections which treat of the extra-Boccaccian sources of the poem (secs. 8-20). The puzzling Lollius problem is approached with a somewhat tortuous, sidelong movement, and is abandoned abruptly with a reference to the note on 'Hous of Fame,' v. 1468, in the next volume. A collation of this note with the passage before us will afford almost all the enlightenment readers can expect; but it is inconsiderate to give them the labor of cancelling and combining merely because Mr. Skeat edited the 'Hous of Fame' six years ago and now wishes to save himself trouble.

We cannot see that Mr. Lounsbury's hypothesis is referred to anywhere, though Mr. Skeat is in effect combating it in sections 6 to 9. It is difficult to justify such an omission. We do not ourselves find the hypothesis credible, but it ought not to be passed by in Gorgonizing silence. From Lollius Mr. Skeat hastens to Guido delle Colonne, whose significance as a source for 'Troilus' he is the first to consider with any fulness. His notes on this subject are of no small value, but they are incomplete, and, what is worse, they are one-sided. The question how far Chaucer drew from Guido and how far he consulted Guido's original, Benoît de Sainte-More, is not to be settled so summarily, nor is the possibility that the English poet knew Dictys and Dares at first hand unworthy of further consideration. As things stand, Mr. Skeat's results must be looked at as purely tentative. The confusion

*For example, i, 285, 289, 315, 374; ii, 159; iii, 360, 855, 1073, 1326, 1595; iv, 1038. In ii, 1114, *we* for *ye* is a palpable misprint.

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of this part of his essay is increased by the supplementary fashion in which he brings in his remarks on Gorra's 'Testi Inediti di Storia Trojana' after he has, to all appearances, finished his treatment of the subject.

The attempt to explain and account for the crux *Trophee* in Lydgate is ingenious, but does not carry conviction. Lydgate says that Chaucer "made a translation of a book which called is *Trophee*," meaning the 'Troilus,' and scholars have done their best, though with indifferent success, to explain how he could have applied this name to Boccaccio's 'Filostrato,' the undoubted original of Chaucer's poem. Mr. Skeat, dissenting, argues that by Trophee Lydgate meant Guido's 'Historia Trojana.' Lydgate was certainly a feeble person, both in his intellect and in his style, and whenever he tries to give information about Chaucer his usual pedestrian imbecility develops to a degree that almost removes him from the class of articulate speaking men; but even Lydgate must have attached some meaning to the words "made a translation." He had himself turned Guido's book into English, and he was familiar with the 'Troilus.' It seems impossible, therefore, that he regarded Chaucer's work as in any sense a translation of the 'Historia.' We do not insist on Lydgate's "in Lumbard tongue," which, if taken to mean that "Trophee" was written in Italian, would upset Mr. Skeat's arguments completely; for the syntax of that phrase is insoluble.

The notes on the 'Troilus' have been awaited with much interest. Mr. Skeat has done such admirable work in this line in some of his previous publications that it was natural to hope that the 'Troilus' might be similarly favored. What is offered is disappointing. The notes are rather scanty—as compared with the richness of the commentary in vol. i., they are very scanty indeed—they are not well distributed, many places needing annotation having none, though others that require it less are provided for; and they are not seldom either quite wrong or of highly questionable correctness. Details would take too much space. Examples of insufficient and uneven annotation occur on almost every page. The most obvious instance of error is probably in the note on book ii., v. 7, in which *calendes* is explained as "the introduction to the beginning," with the remark, "Thus the 'Kalends of January' precede that month, being the period from Dec. 14 to Dec. 31." We do not wish to be misunderstood. The 'Troilus' commentary contains much that is valuable, and clears up some difficult places for the first time; but it is not so good as the world had a right to expect from Prof. Skeat. In a word, it must have been done in a hurry.

We may dismiss the third volume briefly, because what has been said of volume i. applies in great part here. It contains 'The Hous of Fame,' in an edition which is a revision of that furnished by Mr. Skeat in his 1888 volume of the Minor Poems; 'The Legend of Good Women,' in a revision of the single-volume edition by Mr. Skeat, published in 1889; the 'Astrolabe,' in a revision of Mr. Skeat's Early English Text Society edition; and a long and interesting essay on "The Sources of the Canterbury Tales," which it will be better to defer noticing till the appearance of volume v. The introductions to the 'Hous of Fame' and the 'Legend' are good, but have not been sufficiently revised since their former publication. Thus, we cannot find any reference to Ten Brink's posthumous article on the two forms of the Prologue to the 'Legend,' an article maintaining a thesis diametrically opposed to Mr. Skeat's. In general the 1889 edition of the 'Legend' was not quite so good as the 1888 edition of the Minor Poems, and, of course, the same difference appears in the present revision. It is matter for deep regret that Mr. Skeat could not spare room to print both versions of the Prologue *in extenso*. The ingeniously vexatious method of exhibiting their differences devised for the 1889 volume is here perpetuated. The reader pays high in patience and long-suffering for the few pages saved at the printing-house.

We have scant space left for a note on Chaucer's language as represented in this edition. Though normalization is always hazardous, still a certain grade of uniformity may be attained by conforming to the practice of the best manuscripts. Mr. Skeat has had this point constantly in mind, and has done much to reform the chaotic spelling of former editions. He might safely have gone further, so as to make his own edition more consistent; but everybody who knows the ground will respect his caution. In another matter, also, we are disappointed in Mr. Skeat's text. He has shown no disposition to attempt consistency in indicating monosyllabic elision. We refer in particular to the clipping of *the*, *to*, *ne*, etc., before a vowel. No one manuscript is consistent, and perhaps Chaucer himself was not entirely so. Still, the same processes of manuscript comparison to which the editor has resorted in forming his text in other details would have justified him in normalizing in this particular. There is ample manuscript authority for reading *theffect* (not *the effect*), *thassege* (for *the assege*), *thaffecioun* (for *the affecioun*), *thembassadours* (for *the embassadours*), *nacheveth* (for *ne acheveth*), *tassayen* (for *to assayen*), etc., when each vowel does not count for a fully timed syllable. If Mr. Skeat held that such readings misrepresented Chaucer's scansion (that is, if he were disposed to insist on a trisyllabic foot), we could understand his hesitancy. But he has no objection to such readings, for he admits them freely—in other words, he usually lets them stand when they are in the manuscript on which he bases his text. But even in this he is not entirely consistent, and we are constrained to infer that he shrank from the trouble involved in scrutinizing and adjusting these readings. This is not a matter of pedantic detail, for it has an obvious practical importance.

We need not say that under the skilful hands of so competent a scholar a multitude of scribes' final *e's* have disappeared, and another host of lost endings have been restored. In the poems of which we have a good manuscript tradition these details could be attended to without much resorting to emendation. Nevertheless we do not find that Mr. Skeat's texts are in all respects clean. They still contain a large number of final *e's* of no historical or metrical value, and need a thorough pruning in this regard. The chief error is the result of too liberal a theory with respect to the dative *e*. We do not believe that such forms as "the god of *slepe*," "of olde *werke*," "of the *londe*," "with your right *honde*," "fro the *dethe*," "with tygres *blode*" (to select a few instances from 'The Hous of Fame') deserve a place in a critical text. Certainly the undoubted existence of *to dethë*, *on fyrë*, *on lyvë*, and the like cannot stand warrant for them. Other vicious *e's* (not due to any dative theory) are not uncommon. The reason for some of them may be imagined; but most of them are due to oversight. As examples, we may mention "the *colde* of night," *holde* (as imperative singular), *byde* (as imperative singular), "what thing and *whiche* is he," "who might slepe *beste*." The strangest case of all is perhaps 'Troilus,' i, 312: "He neither chere made, ne *worde* tolde." Here Mr. Skeat must mean to read *wordë*, for *madë* and an ictus on *ne* would be intolerable. If he regards *wordë* as instrumental, a note to defend such a phenomenon in Chaucer was essential. Surely the correct reading is either *word ne tolde* (a trifling emendation), or *word he tolde*. The latter would explain *wordë*, *i. e.*, *word he*.

We cannot close without a word of thanks and gratulation. In many details we find it impossible to agree with Prof. Skeat, and, in general, we cannot help seeing that greater care would have resulted in a more accurate and more symmetrical work; but this does not blind us to the heavy obligation under which Prof. Skeat is laying all who care for our language or our literature. After everything that faultfinders can gather has been subtracted from the total merit of the performance, the edition will remain a monument of learning and sagacity which few similar works in English can rival.

Historical Characters of the Reign of Queen Anne. By Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. The Century Co. 1894.

It is always pleasant and profitable to study the treatment by an intelligent woman of matters that have been handled chiefly by men; and especially is this the case when the characters and actions of women are the subjects of discussion. Even where there is no lack of sympathy and good will, men can hardly avoid judging women by masculine standards, and pronouncing an action wrong or weak because it would have been wrong or weak in a man. So, as a study of a woman by a woman, we have read with especial pleasure the vivid and sympathetic sketch of Queen Anne which Mrs. Oliphant here gives us.

Certainly that royal lady has had rather hard measure dealt to her by writers of this century, among whom, as the greatest sinner against knowledge, Macaulay is most to blame. The extreme partisanship which so seriously vitiates his history saw in Anne a Tory, a High-Churchwoman, and a disliker (not without cause) of his glorified William; and the least of these crimes deserved no mercy, and even justified a little wresting of the truth "in the cause of the right," as Mr. Wegg puts it. The smaller fry of literature have been content to follow Macaulay. Anne, we are told, was stupid, narrow-minded, bigoted, and obstinate; she was always led or dominated by some female favorite; her conception of public duties rarely rose above her own personal likes and dislikes. But let it be said to her credit that, though brought up in a court that was saturated with vice, and with the worst possible examples in her father and her uncle, to go no lower, even detraction admits that her life was spotless. She was a devoted wife and mother, and she had far more of the agonies and far less of the joys of maternity than is usually the lot of her sex. She was generous and beneficent, capable of great sacrifices, a sincere patriot according to her imperfect lights, and greatly loved by her people. And she was capable of the passion of friendship—toward one woman at least—to a degree of exaltation and self-effacement that is rarely met.

We confess to reading with great interest Mrs. Oliphant's delineation of the relations between Anne and Duchess Sarah, which it seems as if no writer can mention without saying

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something unpleasant. Our author remarks, not without justice:

"Women in history, strangely enough, seem always to import into the chronicle a certain heat of personal feeling unusual and undesirable in that region of calm. Whether it is that the historian is impatient at finding himself arrested by the troublesome personalities of a woman, and that a certain resentment of her intrusion colors his appreciation of her, or that her appearance naturally possesses an individuality which breaks the line, it is difficult to tell; but the calmest chronicler becomes a partisan when he treats of Mary and Elizabeth, and no man can name Sarah of Marlborough without a heat of indignation or scorn almost ridiculous as being so long after date."

But why should we blame Anne for clinging to a woman who was both virtuous and fascinating, who had been her companion and playmate from infancy, and who possessed the fire, quickness, and energy which she herself lacked? We see nothing to sneer at in the "Morley" and "Freeman" letters; on the contrary, those of Anne are in a high degree pathetic as the outpourings of a young and affectionate heart, limited and checked in so many ways, turning, like a flower in a cave, to the single chink that lets in the sunshine.

Mrs. Oliphant has, and we are glad to see it, a kindly word for the much-abused George of Denmark. Charles II. said of him that he had tried him drunk and he had tried him sober, and drunk or sober there was nothing in him; but perhaps the qualities which Charles wished to find were such as George was much better without. Putting aside his too great love of wine, George seems to have lived a blameless life, and to have been a faithful and affectionate husband; and his household, if not very brilliant, was innocent and happy. In point of conjugal affection and fidelity, the domestic relations of both Princess and Duchess set a shining example.

The famous quarrel which tore asunder for ever the friendship sealed with so many passionate vows, is graphically sketched, and the Duchess's own account of the final scene, here given at length, is as vivid as anything by Defoe. There is something wonderfully touching in Sarah's passionate pleading and weeping, while Anne, who had no such power of expression, can answer her only with monotonous repetition of a single formula. Each believed that she was in the right; but it is true that "the Duchess Sarah represented a nobler idea and grander policy than that into which her mistress was betrayed."

It strikes us that Mrs. Oliphant, with all her charity, is a little unjust to Mrs. Masham, who was really a gentle, affectionate, and amiable woman. It is not quite fair to insinuate faults by implication, or to convey a false impression under a literal truth; and to call her "the soft, gliding, smooth-tongued Abigail" is somewhat too much in Macaulay's style.

Our space does not permit an examination of the sections devoted respectively to Swift, Defoe, and Addison. Our author deals with Swift very gently, notwithstanding Vanessa and Stella. With regard to his treatment of the former unhappy lady, we certainly cannot coincide with the lenient view: "Swift never seems to have fostered that passion [Vanessa's], nor to have done anything but discourage and subdue a love so embarrassing and troublesome." Swift cannot be acquitted of very dark treachery in allowing a passion to grow day by day under his eyes which he knew could never be returned and must lead to the wreck of an innocent life. It was not "discouragement" that was needed, but either a candid explanation or a cessation of the perilous intimacy; and Vanessa's death will for ever lie at his door. With regard to Stella the case is different, and Mrs. Oliphant is inclined to dissent from the popular opinion which makes Stella a martyr. She thinks that, in the possession of Swift's entire affection, his occasional company, and his wonderful letters, Stella was as happy as if she had married him, and perhaps much happier, for Swift, most likely, would have been "gey ill to live wi'." She does not believe in the secret marriage either; and perhaps she is right in both cases.

Mrs. Oliphant appears to adopt without question the prevalent view of the gigantic intellectual powers of Swift. To the present writer it seems that an appeal would still lie from the popular verdict. We have no space here to discuss the question, but this much may be suggested: Discarding Swift's verses, on which no admirer builds his fame, and his uncleanness, which is perhaps chargeable to mental disease, how much of his fame with his contemporaries was due to his self-assertion, and his fame with posterity to his masterly style? As a literary critic, how does he compare with Addison; as a writer of fiction, with Defoe; as a political writer, with Burke? Is his satire noble and sincere or coarse and virulent? And does the *sæva indignatio* of his epitaph designate the righteous wrath of a good man with a world which he cannot reform, or personal spleen at a world which had never duly appreciated Jonathan Swift? Of all his writings how much really survives? The first part of his Gulliver, and no more.

The external appearance of this very attractive volume, with all the furtherances of the printer's, engraver's, and binder's arts, is worthy of the Century Company. We have noted very few typographical errors, but of these two are especially infelicitous. "Atticus," in Pope's famous lines, does not "assent with evil leer" (p. 169). Again, "If one severe law were made . . . that whoever was found at conventicle should be banished, the nation and the preacher hanged," etc., (p. 143). Defoe was far too practical a man to propose to hang the nation.

Fadette.—François the Waif.—The Devil's Pool. By George Sand. Translated from the French by Jane Minot Sedgwick. 3 vols. New York: George H. Richmond & Co. 1893–4.

To the student of translations it is a rare pleasure to find one that reads as agreeably as if it were an original work, and yet is a faithful rendering of the foreign author. Such volumes should be welcomed with applause. But the praises constantly bestowed on translations remarkable only for their audacities of ignorance make it difficult to find effective terms for describing Miss Sedgwick's intelligent, skilful, modest, and delicate success. It may be indicated by saying that the public would be greatly indebted to the publisher who should keep this "eminent hand" steadily at work on the masterpieces—the simple masterpieces—of French (and Italian) literature.

At the same time, critics should be found to say, "You can't be too careful. You do it so well, try to do it even better!" Is it quite wise (they should ask) to translate "François le Champi" François the Waif? If the name is kept half French, why not wholly so? If Englished at all, why not Francis the Foundling? On every page they might ask, Why not this, why not that? Why say "this *quaint* old French verse," when George Sand says merely "ce quatrain en vieux français"? They should remark that "néfaste" is not adequately, but only roughly, rendered by "terrible." They should declare that it is careless to write, "I might believe . . . that belief in ideas brings peace of mind," when it is so easy to say "faith in ideas." They should point out a confusion of "bien" the noun with "bien" the adverb, where "bien fugitif, soulagement passager" is translated "very fleeting, a passing relief"; and confusion of "un grand esprit" with "beaucoup d' esprit," which makes Father Barbeau say of Fadette, "The girl is *very clever*." A distinct misrendering at the close of the preface to "Fadette" should be corrected. "Those that suffer from the same ill as he, in knowing (*à savoir*) the horror of hate and of revenge," is a mistake for "the same ill as he, *that is*, the horror," etc. (our old English, "to wit").

Such errors as these, that are scarcely perceptible except on careful comparison with the original, cannot be said to disfigure the translation, but they make it imperfect; and Miss Sedgwick gives proof of powers that should be stimulated by criticisms that are compliments to execute only the most accurate and the most graceful work.

It is needless to say (these volumes coming from the De Vinne press) that their mechanical part is of unimpeachable excellence; but—even here there is a *but*—why should a translation be given quite so costly a form? There is an incongruity between this kind of literature (of which one of the charms is its modesty) and thick paper, fine print, illustrations, and numbered copies. A translation from modern French is primarily not intended for "persons of culture"; its proper mission, in Miss Sedgwick's own words, is "to yield refreshment to those thirsty souls who cannot seek the fountain-head"; and these stories that "tell of homely affections and humble cares" should be in volumes to be read by a common kerosene lamp at the end of a day of dull labor.

The Grouse. [Fur and Feather Series.] Longmans. 1894. Illustrated.

As in the first volume of this series—'The Partridge'—the Rev. H. A. Macpherson, Mr. A. J. Stuart-Wortley, and Mr. George Saintsbury contribute each a paper. The history of the grouse and of its shooting offers an element of interest superior to that of the partridge. The habitat of the first, among the wild and beautiful scenery of Scotland and of the Yorkshire moors, and its pursuit in the bracing atmosphere of the higher altitudes, develops in the sportsman a keenness and alertness not aroused in the shooting found on the more monotonous levels. Mr. Macpherson and Mr. Stuart-Wortley have imparted exceptional interest to their respective contributions, all the more surprising inasmuch as the subjects of which they treat have already been exhaustively considered by so many capable writers. The contribution on "The Cookery of the Grouse," by Mr. Saintsbury, suggests a love of good living rather than a technical knowledge of the culinary art. One may safely say that his vague suggestions of the method of cooking grouse on the British plan could arouse among participants in the feast only a spirit of bitter enmity and shatter the closest friendships. This, perhaps, explains the gastronomic gloom which pervades treatises on the English school of cookery. The illustrations by Mr. A. Thorburn are of a very high order of excellence.

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Hendrick Pannebecker, Surveyor of Lands for the Penns, 1674-1754; Flomborn, Germantown, and Skippack. By Hon. Samuel W. Pannebacker, LL.D. Privately printed. Philadelphia. 1894. 8vo, pp. 164.

THIS is an attempt to recover something of the history of one of the early colonists of Pennsylvania, but, after all, the results are very scanty. It seems probable that Hendrick was born at Flomborn in Hesse, as there is still a family named Pfannebecker there, possibly of Dutch origin, and as Crefeld and Kriegsheim sent forth many German Quakers to Pennsylvania. It is certain that Frederick and Lothair Pannebecker, sons of Johann, came from Flomborn, the older son in 1731, and settled near Hendrick. Family traditions, covering very few generations, state that these were all relatives.

Hendrick was a noted surveyor, and he became a large landowner; he died in 1754, aged eighty-one. His posterity has been numerous and of good standing. Among the progeny of Hendrick and Friedrich our author mentions (Pannebeckers) Matthias, a Mennonite bishop; Isaac S., judge of the United States District Court; and Galusha, brevet major-general in the late war. Descendants in the female lines have also been distinguished, and the roll of soldiers in the Federal ranks is long and honorable.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Addison, D. D. Lucy Larcom: Life, Letters, and Diary. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
American Digest (Annual, 1894). St. Paul: West Publishing Co.
Ames, Fisher. A Practical Guide to Whist. 6th ed., revised. Scribners. 75 cents.
Apthorp, W. F. Musicians and Music-Lovers, and Other Essays. Scribners. $1.50.
Bardeen, C. W. Handbook of School Trustees of N. Y. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. 50 cents.
Bell, Dr. V. C. Popular Essays on the Care of the Teeth and Mouth. New York, 117 2d Ave.: The Author.
Bradley, Mrs. M. E. Martha's Mistakes. Hunt & Eaton. $1.25.
Brine, Mary D. Margaret Arnold's Christmas, and Other Stories. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.
Brooks, Rev. Phillips. Essays and Addresses, Religious, Literary and Social. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.
Burdette, R. J., and others. Before He is Twenty: The Boy Question. Fleming H. Revell Co. 75 cents.
Campbell, W. Football Facts and Figures. Harpers.
Chailley-Bert, J. The Colonization of Indo-China. London: Archibald Constable & Co.
Collar, W. C., and Daniell, M. G. First Latin Book. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.10.
Conkling, A. R. Handbook for Voters in the City of New York. Appletons. 25 cents.
Craik, H. Life of Jonathan Swift. 2 vols. 2d ed. Macmillan. $3.
Crockett, S. R. The Lilac Sunbonnet. Appletons.
Cunningham, Sir H. S. Sibylla. Macmillan. $1.25.
Dale, Rev. R. W. Christian Doctrine: A Series of Discourses. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.75.
Decennial Reports on the Trade, Navigation, Industries, etc., of the Ports Open to Foreign Commerce in China and Corea. 1882–1891. Shanghai: Kelly & Walsh; New York: Putnams.
Dennis, J. The Age of Pope. London: Geo. Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 50 cents.
Doyle, A. C. Round the Red Lamp: Being Facts and Fancies of Medical Life. Appletons. $1.50.
Edmonds, Mrs. Amygdala: A Tale of the Greek Revolution. London: Geo. Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Ferrier, Susan. Marriage. 2 vols. Inheritance. 2 vols. Destiny. 2 vols. London: J. M. Dent & Co.: New York: Macmillan. $6.
Ford, P. L. The Honorable Peter Sterling, and What People Thought of Him. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Foster, Prof. M., and Shore, Dr. L. E. Physiology for Beginners. Macmillan. 75 cents.
Harris, F. Elder Conklin, and Other Stories. Macmillan. $1.25.
Hauptmann, G. Hannele: A Dream Poem. London: W. Heinemann.
Hayden, Rev. W. B. Selected Essays and Discourses, with Memorials of his Life and Services. Boston: Massachusetts New-Church Union. $1.25.
Herdler, A. A Scientific French Reader. Boston: Ginn & Co. 85 cents.
Heyse, Paul. The Children of the World. New edition, revised. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.
Holm, A. History of Greece. Vol. I. To end of 6th century B. C. Macmillan. $2.50.
Hope, A. The God in the Car. Appletons. 50 cents.
Hope, A. The Indiscretion of the Duchess. Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.
Horton, Smith R. Theory of Conditional Sentences in Greek and Latin. Macmillan. $6.50.
Hurlbut, J. L., and Doherty, R. R. Illustrative Notes for Sunday-School Lessons, 1895. Hunt & Eaton. $1.25.
Jacobs, J. Studies in Biblical Archæology. London: David Nutt.
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